

AN ALLIANCE.

Preliminary Steps Taken by England and the United States.

Great Britain to Recognize the Monroe Doctrine and Uncle Sam to Build the Nicaragua Canal and Allow England to Use It in Case of War.

LONDON, May 30.—The Washington correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, telegraphing Sunday says: "I have just learned from a high authority in the state department that important preliminary steps toward an anglo-American alliance have already been taken. How far these negotiations, if they can yet be called that, have proceeded, it is not easy to ascertain, for, naturally, strict secrecy is maintained, but my information is that the preliminary suggestions have been made and that the subject of such an alliance is practically before the two governments in some shape."

"The recent visits of Sir Julian Pauncefote to the state department have not it seems had reference altogether to the Canadian negotiations. According to my authority the features of the proposed alliance now being considered are these:

"England is to recognize the Monroe doctrine, to attempt no increase of her territorial possessions in the western hemisphere, and to endorse the American construction of that doctrine. The United States is to build the Nicaragua canal and Great Britain is to have the use of it in time of war."

"The United States is to have all the territory taken from Spain in the present war and Great Britain is to protect the United States in the possession if this should be threatened. The United States is to stand by England in her policy in China and the east, and all the British ports in the east are to be opened to the United States under the most favored nation clause."

"The main features of an arbitration treaty are to be incorporated. It has been provided that all matters in dispute not involving the Monroe doctrine or the Nicaragua canal, are to be submitted to a non-partisan commission. The existing understanding bearing upon the relations between the two governments on the great lakes are to be abrogated and the United States are to be given the use of the Welland canal in case of war."

"The alliance is to be offensive and defensive. It proceeds on lines such as the foregoing. As a matter of course, all that has been done so far is purely tentative, but my informant gives the above as the general outline suggested."

CADIZ FLEET.

According to Report it is in Bad Shape to Go to Manila or Anywhere Else for Some Weeks to Come.

New York, May 30.—A dispatch to the World from London says: The chief officer of a steamer just in from Cadiz said Friday night:

"When we left Cadiz last Friday the only Spanish warships there were the battle ship Pelayo, the cruiser Emperador Carlos V., one torpedo catcher and the converted cruisers Patriota and Rapido. The cruisers were at the arsenal."

"Everything bore the appearance of unreadiness."

"The Pelayo's boilers, recently put in at Toulon, had just been condemned by the superintending engineer at Cadiz on the ground that they were of insufficient strength. She was, however, coaling."

"The Rapido and the Patriota had not been fitted with guns, and neither had a crew."

"There was no belief in the reports that the fleet was going to Manila or anywhere else for some weeks at least."

BRIG. GEN. OTIS.

Editor and Proprietor of the Los Angeles Times—Served With Distinction in the Civil War.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30.—Harrison Gray Otis, who has been appointed brigadier general of volunteers, is the editor and proprietor of the Los Angeles Times, one of the leading journals of the Pacific coast.

He was born in Ohio in 1837, and served on the union side during the entire civil war, entering as a private and rising by successive promotions to that of lieutenant colonel. The final promotion was given him at the close of hostilities upon unsolicited recommendation of Maj. Gen. R. B. Hayes, subsequently President Hayes. During his 49 months of service in the war, Gen. Otis took part in 15 engagements, received two wounds in battle and was promoted seven times.

Blanco's Defect to Gen. Miles.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 30.—Charles Thrall and Hayden Jones, the correspondents captured by the Spaniards, were brought here by the auxiliary ship Woodbury Saturday, having been exchanged for Col. Cortijo and three others. They speak well of the treatment received at Cabañas and say that Blanco is still boastful and apparently anxious to meet the Americans.

"Tell Gen. Miles I have men, guns and ammunition galore and the courage to give him as pretty a fight as he can ask," was Blanco's message.

To Build Russian War Ships.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30.—Irving M. Scott, of the Union iron works, has gone to St. Petersburg to consult with the czar's government regarding the building of Russian war ships in this city. On Tuesday last he received a message from St. Petersburg congratulating him on the performance of the Oregon and asking him to go to that city.

Corea Opens Three Ports.

YOKOHAMA, May 30.—The Korean government has decided to open three more ports and also to make Pink Yan an open market.

GLADSTONE'S FUNERAL.

Last Honors Shown the Grand Old Man by the Highest Nobility and All the People of London.

LONDON, May 30.—The obsequies of Gladstone took place Saturday. The simple ceremonies were impressive, appropriate to the unostentatious grandeur of the statesman, whose memory they honored.

In the center of Westminster hall a plain oak coffin lay upon a severely plain dais. Not a flower or a bit of drapery softened its rigid outlines. Huge wax candles flickered at each corner and a brass cross stood at the head.

A folded pall lay at the foot of the coffin.

Shortly after ten o'clock the procession began to form. There was a long file of Great Britain's foremost men clad in mourning costume.

First came the speaker of the house of commons in robes and wig. He was preceded by a mace-bearer and followed by some 400 members of parliament. Then came a group of privy councillors, and after these the lords chancellor, preceded by a mace-bearer and followed by a number of peers and bishops. Immediately in front of the coffin stood the duke of Connaught, the duke of Cambridge and the earl of Pembroke, representing the queen.

On either side of the coffin were ranged the pallbearers—the prince of Wales, the duke of York, the marquis of Salisbury, the earl of Rosebery, Arthur J. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, the duke of Rutland, the earl of Kimberley, Lord Rendel and Mr. Amistead. Behind the coffin were the Gladstone family, the sons, young grandsons, private secretaries, physicians and servants. There were no ladies. Last of all came a pathetic group of old villagers of Hlawarden. When all had taken their places the duke of Norfolk, the earl marshal of England, conducted the bishop of London to the coffin, where he offered a brief prayer. Then the coffin was raised upon the shoulders of the bearers and the procession moved slowly from the hall to the abbey.

Outside a vast throng filled the whole neighborhood and every roof and window was crowded with spectators.

After a short service in the church the remains were conveyed to the grave. It is in the very center of the north transept. It was at the feet of the statue of Gladstone's greatest rival, Lord Beaconsfield.

GEN. BROOKE'S ARMY.

It is Being Put in Good Shape—Brigade and Regimental Drills Occur Daily in All the Camps.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 30.—The various commands composing Gen. Brooke's army of 45,000 men are rapidly being put in good shape and the work of the whole army is being thoroughly systematized. Brigade and regimental drills occur daily in all the camps and the job of making fighting soldiers goes bravely on. Despite statements to the contrary the men are fairly well provided for and none are undergoing any great hardships. The great drawback is lack of uniforms, shoes, clothing and equipments, but this drawback will be all eliminated during the next few days as immense amounts of these supplies are now en route.

Maj. Frank E. Nye, a commissary of subsistence of the regular army, arrived Friday night from Tampa, Fla., and Saturday took charge of the commissary department in the city. He will have charge of the immense amount of rations now arriving. Fifty-five cars of provisions arrived Friday and 50 more are scheduled for Saturday. Col. Kingsley, paymaster for Pennsylvania, Saturday paid the men from the Keystone state the amounts due them for service before being mustered into the government service. The total amount was over \$70,000. The Chattanooga, Rome & Southern railway has made a satisfactory settlement with the First Missouri for damages sustained in the wreck last Saturday. The money will be used to supply the regiment with horses and lost articles in connection with their baggage.

No great amount of drilling and maneuvering was done Saturday. Saturday was set aside as a day of inspection in all the regiments, and the work of cleaning up and putting things in shape about the camps required most of the time of the men.

ORDERS ISSUED.

Troops to Be Put Aboard Transporta at Once—War Ships Will Convey the Expedition.

New York, May 30.—A special dispatch to the Tribune from Washington says: Orders have at last gone forward to Maj. Gen. Shafter, at Tampa, to embark the greater portion of his corps, including all the regulars and a few of the most efficient volunteer regiments on board the transports gathered at that place, and the aggressive military movement which has been so frequently predicted and as often delayed for one cause or another, will be an accomplished fact before the end of this week.

The strongest units of Adm. Sampson's reorganized squadron will convey the expedition and cover its landing at a point now definitely designated.

Sampson's Fleet is Alert.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 30.—The greatest vigilance is being exercised to guard against the possibility of the Spanish fleet getting into Havana. Adm. Sampson is operating just as though there was no likelihood of the Spanish fleet being bottled up at Santiago de Cuba.

Gen. Miles Leaves Washington.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A Washington dispatch to the Herald says: "It was reported early Monday morning that Gen. Miles will leave during the day for the south to direct the movement of the troops to Cuba."

MOSQUITO FLEETS.

A Number of Small Steam Craft to Be Added to This Branch of Service.

No Movement Will Be Made Against Cuba or Porto Rico Until the Spanish Fleet is Either Destroyed or Otherwise Rendered Helpless.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—The navy department is making ready for the purchase of a number of small steam craft to supplement the Mosquito fleets on the coast. The chief of the Mosquito fleets, Adm. Erben, at New York, has submitted to the navy department a list of over one hundred such craft which have been examined and found suitable. The department was prevented from making any purchases on this score because it lacked the necessary authorization, but now that congress has passed and the president has approved an act appropriating \$3,000,000 for the purchase of such vessels, it will begin at once to acquire them. They are needed very badly just at present, not so much for scouting purposes as for the protection of the elaborate mine fields which the engineer officers have laid in almost all Atlantic ports. The reckless conduct of the commanders of vessels entering and emerging

SAMPSON'S REPORT.

The Admiral Gives Reasons for His Recent Bombardment of the Ports in the Harbor at San Juan.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Following is a copy of the report made by Rr. Adm. Sampson concerning the action off San Juan, officially posted at the navy department Friday morning:

"Upon approaching San Juan it was seen that none of the Spanish vessels were in the harbor. I was considerably in doubt whether they had reached San Juan and again departed for some unknown destination, or whether they had not arrived."

"As their capture was the object of the expedition, and as it was essential that they should not pass to the westward, I decided to attack the batteries defending the port in order to develop their position and strength, and then without waiting to reduce the city or subject it to regular bombardment, which would require due notice, turned to the westward."

"I commenced the attack as soon as it was good daylight. It lasted about three hours, when the signal was made to discontinue the firing and the squadron stood to the northeast and out of sight of San Juan, when the course was to the westward, with a view to communicating with the de-

"BOTTLED UP!"



partment at Port Plata and learn if the department had obtained information as to the movements of the Spanish vessels.

"At Cape Haitien I received word from the department that the Spanish vessels had been sighted at Curacao on the 14th inst. As stated in my telegram, no serious injury was done to any of the ships and only one man was killed and seven wounded slightly."

FROM MANILA.

The Captain of the Cruiser Olympia and Two Officers Ill, and Taken to Hong Kong for Treatment.

HONG KONG, May 28.—The United States auxiliary gunboat Zafre, formerly a British merchant steamer, but now commissioned, mounting four guns, and in charge of a lieutenant commander of the United States navy, has just arrived here from Manila, having on board the captain of the first class cruiser Olympia, flagship of Rr. Adm. Dewey, and two officers who have been invalided.

The situation at Manila is unchanged. The insurgents are quiet. Beef costs \$2.50 per pound at Manila. The report that the commander of the Spanish gun boat Callao was tried by court martial and shot for not firing on the American ship which captured the Callao is untrue.

The Zafre will return to Manila on Monday next.

TRAINS COLLIDE.

Accommodation and Freight Train on the Southern Come Together—Engineer and Two Brakemen Killed.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 28.—The southbound Oakland accommodation train on the Cincinnati Southern railroad collided with a freight engine near Dayton, Tenn., Friday morning. From the best information now obtainable Engineer Hudson of the accommodation train and two brakemen named Severson and Matthews were killed. Baggage-master Dressback and the engineer of the freight train were badly injured.

Rainy Season in Cuba Begins.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 28.—The rainy season is just beginning in Cuba and the fleet of war ships and newspaper dispatch boats have experienced bad weather during the past week, with frequent violent rain storms. Off the Cuban coasts Friday the weather was pleasant.

Venerable Man's Suicide.

BELLAIRE, O., May 28.—Wm. Trigg, a prosperous farmer, whose mind was affected by injuries sustained about a year ago, hung himself in a barn Thursday night. He was past 70 years of age.

IN SANTIAGO BAY.

Commodore Schley Sends Information of Cervera's Whereabouts.

The Admiral is Cooped Up and Schley Has Seen and Recognized the Spanish Vessels—American Ships Guard the Mouth of the Harbor.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The navy department has just received at 12:30 o'clock this (Monday) morning a dispatch from Commodore Schley stating that the Spanish fleet is in the bay of Santiago De Cuba, and that he has seen and recognized the vessels.

While the naval officials have been morally certain for several days that Cervera's squadron was in the harbor of Santiago, the official announcement from Commodore Schley was received by the officers on duty at the department with intense satisfaction. Assurance is now doubly sure that the Spanish fleet is bottled up and that the cork is in the bottle.

It is not believed that Adm. Cervera will attempt to escape from the predicament in which he now finds himself as such a course would surely result in the destruction of his vessels and the loss of many lives precious to Spain. The suggestion is made however, that the Spaniards may blow up his ships rather than have them fall into the hands of Schley, as they certainly will if they remain in the harbor.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, May 30.—The United States auxiliary cruiser, formerly the American line steamer New York, arrived here Saturday morning after having left the American fleet at noon Friday.

Twelve American war ships are now outside the harbor of Santiago De Cuba and Adm. Cervera and the Spanish fleet are almost certainly inside. But nothing certain is known as to the communication which Commodore Schley has had with the shore, or as to the number of Spanish fighting vessels which are bottled up in the harbor of Santiago De Cuba.

It is to be presumed that the Harvard has important dispatches for the naval authorities at Washington.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 28.—It is now almost certain that Commodore Schley has the Spanish fleet bottled up in the harbor of Santiago De Cuba. There is so little doubt about this that the naval campaign is proceeding upon the assumption that Adm. Cervera is incapable of doing any harm. Within a few days the exact conditions at Santiago De Cuba will be known without a shadow of doubt. In spite of assertions to the contrary, Commodore Schley was not absolutely sure of his game when he last communicated with Rr. Adm. Sampson, and the commodore will not take active steps to block up the entrance of Santiago harbor until he is perfectly certain that Adm. Cervera's ships are inside.

However, he may have done this already, as Commodore Schley's last communication, forwarded on Thursday, only reached Rear Adm. Sampson Friday. The commodore stayed three days at Cienfuegos. He signaled to his ships: "I believe the Spanish fleet is in the harbor." On this belief a message was sent to the American admiral. The details of how Commodore Schley found out that he was mistaken are not yet known. At any rate, acting on the admiral's instructions, the commodore then moved east, arriving outside Santiago De Cuba Wednesday morning, May 25. The topography of Cienfuegos and Santiago De Cuba is almost identical. Both harbors are about six miles long, with narrow entrances about 300 yards wide and protected by high land.

A whole fleet could lie in the harbor of either place and be invisible from the outside. After his experience at Cienfuegos, it is probable that Commodore Schley was very conservative in deciding whether or not he had caught Adm. Cervera. From the tone of his dispatches it is evident that the commodore soon gained much second-hand and external evidence which pointed to Adm. Cervera's presence in the inner harbor. The evidence was apparently strong enough to make the commodore feel certain the object of his trip had been accomplished, but in view of his previous experience, he would not risk a decisive statement until after ascertaining the fact for himself. Before this dispatch is published it is likely that Commodore Schley has sent some vessel into the entrance of the harbor of Santiago De Cuba, or has obtained from a reliable source ashore information as to the exact number and the names of the Spanish war ships sheltered by the hills about that place. Contrary to the generally expressed opinion, the harbor of Santiago De Cuba is poorly protected.

The Cruiser Columbia in a Collision.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The United States cruiser Columbia reports at 7:38 p. m. Saturday, off Fire Island, during thick fog, she was run into by steamer Foscolia (British), hence for Bordeaux, grain laden. The Foscolia struck the Columbia on starboard quarter just forward of the after barrette, cutting clean into the hull, making a hole about ten feet, filling a compartment with water. The Foscolia sunk almost immediately, but the Columbia succeeded in rescuing all of her crew and landed them at St. George, S. I.

Sued the Sheriff.

AKRON, O., May 30.—The wife of Col. A. L. Conger has sued Sheriff Williams and the Peoples' savings bank for \$30,000 damages because of the Conger family's ejection from their magnificent home and because the chattels in it were sold to satisfy the claims of creditors.

A Terrible Threat.

MADRID, May 30.—The Epoca, in an inspired article says: "Should the Yankees cut the Cuban and Porto Rican cables, we will cut all the cables uniting the United States with the rest of the world."

What You Get

When You Buy Medicine is a Matter of Great Importance.

Do you get that which has the power to eradicate from your blood all poisonous taints and thus remove the cause of disease? Do you buy HOOD'S Sarsaparilla and only Hood's? If you do, you may take it with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

Why He Stood Outside.

Benevolent Old Gent—Boy, why do you stand on the doorstep shivering? Why don't you go into the house?

Small Boy—I dare not, sir; father and mother are discussing the question: "Is marriage a failure?" and mother has got father down and giving it to him. Can't you hear him yelling? You had better move on, guv'nor. When mother gets to arguing she makes things precious warm for us.—Spare Moments.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. See Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Reason Enough.

Miss Wantknow—What do you suppose makes the figure of Cupid such a favorite with silversmiths? Miss Knowall—It's probably cupidity.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Many People Cannot Drink

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer today. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

Marriage and Love.

"A man," said the Cumminsville Sage, "marries a woman because he loves her, and a woman loves a man because she wants to marry him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"I thought she was a dream before I married her," he said. "And now?" queried his friend. "Well, I am convinced that dreams go by contraries."—Brooklyn Life.

I use Pisco's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Ethics of Friendship.—"How sweet to have a friend whom you can trust!" "Yes, especially if he doesn't ask you to trust him."—Chicago Record.

"I DO MY OWN WORK."

So Says Mrs. Mary Rochiette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop."

"I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs continued."

"After a time I was taken with a flooding, that I was obliged to keep my bed. Finally, in despair, I gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been greatly benefited by its use."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has indeed been a friend to me. I am now able to do my own work, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I was as near death I believe as I could be, so weak that my pulse scarcely beat and my heart had almost given out. I could not have stood it one week more. I am sure. I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine."

"I shall use my influence with any one suffering as I did, to have them use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Every woman that is puzzled about her condition should secure the sympathetic advice of a woman who understands. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her your ills.

Try Grain-O!

Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. At the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee

Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O

Accept no imitation.

AGENTS WANTED For the LIFE and TIMES

of GLADSTONE

by the celebrated historian, John Clark Ridpath, D. D. A handsome volume of nearly 600 pages, uniform in size with Ridpath's History of the World. Magnificently illustrated and bound, it will be eagerly canvassing agent, and territory now. For liberal terms and conditions given to agents. Full line of illustrated descriptive material FREE. Write to JONES BROTHERS PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A WOODLAND SUMMONS.

Maiden frank and free,
Leave the town with me;
Leave the city for the woodlands,
For the fields of emerald corn,
For the meads with running streamlets
Singing praises to the morn;
For the hills that bound the distance,
Crowned with purple diadems,
For the sunshine on the daisies,
Decking trees and plants with gems.

Maiden sweet and fair,
Young and debonaire,
Leave the city's smoke and hurry,
Never-ceasing toil and pain,
Nasty streets and noisome alleys,
Love of gold and greed of gain,
Where the soul is cribbed and caged,
Where the heart has lack of room,
Where the ghosts of want and hunger
Stalk around in robes of gloom.

Maiden dear and free,
Nature here we see—
Nature in her robes of beauty,
Glowing in her summer dress,
Free from artificial fetters,
Free from sorrow and distress,
Soothed by sound of running waters,
Charmed by humming of the bees,
Let us rest within the shadows
Of the grand primeval trees.
—Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Independent.



PART III.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party; and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands—and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board—must have been very stupid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this: that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ringleaders—only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any further. It is one thing to be idle and skulk, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining 13, including Silver, began to embark.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the fore-sheets of the nearest boat, and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No need for notice of me, only the bow of the boat, saying: "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, the other boat, looked sharply and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees, and I had caught a branch and swung myself out, and



"Jim! Jim!" I heard him shouting.

plunged into the nearest thicket, while Silver and the rest were still 100 yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting. But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST BLOW.

I was so pleased at having given the slip to Long John that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marshy tract full of willows, bulrushes, and odd outlandish, swampy trees, and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of a rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a

deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live or evergreen oaks. I heard afterward they should be called—which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and the outline of the Spy-glass trembled through the haze.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low tones of a human voice, which as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest live-oak and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered, and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so foolishly as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overhear them at their councils; and my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all-fours, I made steadily but slowly toward them; till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blonde face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I think gold-dust of you—gold-dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warding of you? All's up—you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if one of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand, if I turn again my dooty—"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spy-glass echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whirr; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had reestablished its empire, and only the rustle of the descending birds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John!" said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me, with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in Heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass.

"That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defy you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurtling

through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he was injured much or little none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot, but he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him the next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush I could hear him pant loudly as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver and the birds and the tall Spy-glass hilltop, going round and round and topsy turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ears.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood-stained knife the while upon a whisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still



Silver buried his knife twice in that defenseless body.

shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had actually been done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal, but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear hails coming and going between the old buccaner and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could anyone be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking from their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snake's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought. Good-by to the Hispaniola; good-by to the squire, the doctor and the captain. There was nothing left for me but death by starvation or death by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and, without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the wild oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearings and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, some 50, some nearly 70 feet high. The air, too, smelled more freshly than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN OF THE ISLAND.

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in no wise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of the new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and, making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh as when I rose, I could see it was in vain for me to contend in speed such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running man-like on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was. I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of call-

ing for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burned by the sun; even his lips were black, and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea-cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buccaners, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years ago," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—tasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECIOUS PEARLS.

Famous Gems Owned by Great Ladies of the European Courts.

The most curious among famous pearls is that which three centuries ago the French traveler Tavernier sold to the shah of Persia for \$675,000. It is still in the possession of the sovereign of Persia. Another eastern potentate owns a pearl of 12½ carats, which is quite transparent. It is to be had for the sum of \$200,000. Princess Youssouf has an oriental pearl which is unique for the beauty of its color. In 1620 this pearl was sold by Georgibus of Calais to Philip IV. of Spain at the price of 80,000 ducats. To-day it is valued at \$225,000. Pope Leo XIII. again owns a pearl left to him by his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter which is worth \$100,000, and the chain of 22 pearls owned by Empress Frederick is estimated at \$175,000.

One million dollars is the price of five chains of pearls forming a collar owned by Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, and that of Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild is almost as valuable. But these ladies are enthusiastic collectors of pearls, and their jewelers have instructions to buy for them any pearl of unusual size or beauty which they may happen to come across. The sister of Mme. Theirs, Mlle. Dosne, is also the owner of a very valuable string of pearls which she has collected during the last 20 years.—Philadelphia Press.

An English Wedding Celebration.

A Liverpool medical man was called in to attend a patient seized with cholera cramps as the result of excessive drinking, and found together about a dozen persons, mostly young women, in a room with full glasses before them, a three-gallon jar of strong ale on the table, and several bottles of whisky, which from time to time were replenished. This remarkable session was kept up for five days. It was in celebration of a wedding, and all had saved up for weeks in anticipation of the event. The father pawned his watch and most of his furniture; one young fellow pawned his coat, hat and watch. The whole party, 20 or 30 in number, slept together on the floors, or anywhere—the house being a small three-roomed cottage in one of the streets of Toxteth park. When the five days' revel was ended they all "proceeded to the house of Father Nugent and signed the pledge."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Curiosity Satisfied.

"What has become of that fellow called Three-Fingered Sam?" inquired the traveling man in a far western town.

"Him as was as gettin' mixed up in suspicious concernin' hosses?" inquired Derringer Dan.

"Yes. Isn't he hanging around here any more?"

"I reckon he is—unless some o' the committee took a notion to cut 'im down since yistiddy."—Washington Star.

A Harmless Disease.

"Teacher was tellin' us to-day about having moral character when he was young. Did you have moral character when you was young, grandpa?"

"I think so."

"Didn't leave no marks, did it, grandpa?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



A Demoralized Country.

"Hasn't the story about his accepting a big bribe hurt that official?" asked one Chinese citizen.

"Not much," answered another. "It seems to me he is treated with more respect than ever. The fact that he could get so much money for his influence shows what a lot of it he must have."—Washington Star.

The Cynic's Confession.

I can't engage in useful work. I cannot even sing. To benefit my fellow man I cannot do a thing. Since from other occupations I, alas, can't take my pick, There's nothing left except for me to settle down and kick.

—Washington Star.

REASONABLE.



Lady (arranging preliminaries)—O, and you will be expected to attend prayers regularly morning and evening.

Cook (resignedly)—Well, I suppose there's something to put up with in every family.—Moonshine.

The First Fly.

The first fly of spring
On hilarious wing
Flew about in a manner quite devious,
When a sudden chill wind
Knocked him silly and blind—
He was punished for being too previous.
—Up to Date.

A Sensitive Plant.

Edwin—You would not take that uncle of mine to be a sensitive plant at all, would you?
Reginald—He certainly does not look it.

Edwin—Well, he is. Attempt to touch him and he closes up immediately.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Much Realism.

Higgins—The play last night was very realistic. Didn't you think so?
Wiggins—Most realistic of the kind I ever saw. Didn't you notice how in the act containing the church scene most everybody went to sleep?—N. Y. World.

He Would Be Needed.

Mrs. Smith—George, may I write and accept Mrs. Brown's invitation for Bobby to attend her boy's party on the 20th?

Mr. Smith—Yes, and while you are writing you had better write Dr. Kurem to call on the 21st.—N. Y. Truth.

"Look Pleasant, Please?"

This world would be a paradise
And wear a very different look
If folks would always seem as nice
As when they have their pictures "took."
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

LIVED TO TELL IT.



Young Wife—But aren't you the man I gave some cake to on Monday?
Tramp—Yes, my; but, thank Gawd! I've got over it.—Ally Sloper.

Unreasonable.

"Jobbs, what's the trouble between you and Mrs. Jobbs?"

"Oh, she makes me tired. The idea of any woman tryin' to hold a man to what he said while he was courtin' her. She ought to have more sense."—Detroit Free Press.

Gone Around.

Before her heart I watched with sleepless eyes,
And vowed to leave it not forevermore.
Until one day I saw with great surprise
Another man had entered the back door.
—Brooklyn Life.

None Whatever.

Flustered Old Lady—Does it make any difference which of these cars I take to the bridge?
Polite Pedestrian—Makes no difference to me, madam.—Brooklyn Life.

Another Rebuff.

The Tramp—Beg pardon, sir. I am a stranger in these parts—
The Farmer—Well, I dunno of anybody that wants to get acquainted with ye.—Puck.

Free from Pain.

The Victim—Blank it! I thought you were a painless dentist?
The Vulture—Well, do I seem to be suffering any?—Judge.

A Suggestion.

"Popper," said Willie, "why did you buy a golf coat?"

"To play golf in, my son," said Mr. Willis.

"Did you need it?"

"Of course I did."

"Then I need a top coat to play tops in. I seen 'em advertised."—Harper's Bazar.

Very Rarely.

"I say, Smith, how do you like your boarding house?"

"Don't think much of it—the beef-steak isn't rare enough to suit me."

"Well, you ought to patronize our establishment. We get steak only twice a week, which is surely rare enough to suit anybody."—N. Y. World.

Hers Missed the Mark.

"What!" said the judge, "you expect me to send your husband to prison when you acknowledge that you threw five flat irons at him, and he only threw one at you?"

"Yes, that's all right, judge," said the irate woman; "but, then, the one he threw hit me."—Tit-Bits.

An Alluring Prize.

"You ought to take some tickets in the lottery," said one Klondike miner to another. "They are only \$1,000 a ticket."

"What is the grand prize?"

"A canvasback ham."

"I'll take a dozen tickets."—N. Y. Journal.

A Great Discovery.

"Albert, dear, while looking through some of your old clothes I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it."

"What was it, dear?"

"Half a dozen checks that had never been written on."—Brooklyn Life.

Brave Souls.

"Oh, where are all the heroes? Where?"
The plaintive poets sing:
They overlook the men who wear
The first straw hats in spring.
—Town Topics.

HIS POSITION DEFINED.



Visitor—There's a good little man! You always do as your father tells you, don't you?

The Little Man—No, sir; marm would whack me if I did.—N. Y. Journal.

Ambition.

We start out to conquer fortune,
Yes, and fame; but time reveals
That we learn to be contented
If we get our clothes and meals.
—Chicago Record.

Came with a Shock.

Harold (after the fateful question had been put and answered)—Did I surprise you, dear?

Maud—Surprise me! You paralyzed me! I gave up the idea two years ago of your ever having spunk enough to propose.—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Justin Herdit—I say, old man, I've a good joke to tell you.

Ben Toide—Good joke? Don't want to hear it.

Justin Herdit—Why not?

Ben Toide—"Tisn't new."—N. Y. Truth.

Happenings.

"While it may be allowed," said the corn-fed philosopher, "that it is the unexpected which always happens, yet such does not prevent woman from saying: 'I told you so.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Up to Date.

"Have you acolytes in your church?" inquired the Brooklyn girl of her country cousin.

"My, no," was the reply, "we put in electric lights three years ago."—Town Topics.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



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Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line.
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.



Late News of the War.

Capt. Sigbee has seen several of the Spanish ships in the Santiago bay. Schley telegraphs to Secretary Long that Cervera is certainly in Santiago bay.

Santiago is threatened with famine. The War Department admits that the embarkation of regular troops for Cuba will take place promptly.

Four regiments are ordered from Chickamauga to Tampa.

The Third Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, will be moved to Chickamauga to-morrow or Thursday.

A telegram from Vancouver says that the Anglo-American alliance is practically in effect there.

The St. Paul captured a British vessel loaded with coal Sunday attempting to enter the Santiago harbor.

The President has decided that Eastern Cuba and Porto Rico must be occupied at once.

The Navy Department has not yet decided to let Commodore Schley enter Santiago bay and attack Cervera.

Secretary Alger yesterday telegraphed to Gov. Bradley that Kentucky would be allowed but four regiments in all. This cuts out the colored regiment.

The time for Spring house-cleaning has arrived. We are prepared to lend you our assistance in the shape of laundering lace curtains, blankets, bed spreads, etc. Special care taken to return lace curtains in as good condition as when received.

(tf) **BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.**

VAN HOOK WHISKY, 50 cents per quart.
McDERMOTT & SPEARS.

A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 10c (10 doses) large size 50c and \$1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky. (Jan.-m)

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR. PRICE'S

CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Letter From Camp Thomas.

Chickamauga, Ga., May 29, 1898.

The Second Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, U. S. A., is still without uniforms or guns, but it is confidently expected that the regiment will be fully equipped by the middle of the week. The members of Company I, of Paris, are all in good health, none being in the hospital or guard house. The boys are fairly well contented though they are not so comfortably situated here as they were at Lexington. The first night at Chickamauga was spent with only the blue firmament as a covering, the boys being both houseless and tentless, though all had blankets. They now have new tents and are in camp in the Southeastern part of the vast park.

The soldier boys of the Second Regiment certainly miss the many good things to eat which were sent them during their stay at Camp Collier by kind and thoughtful friends and relatives. They are now contenting themselves with hard tack, potatoes, onions, Cincinnati chicken ("sowbelly") and beans. They were more than glad to see Messrs. J. A. Bower and Wm. Remington, of Paris, who came to Chickamauga to-day on a visit, bringing several packages and letters from the home-folks of various ones.

The discipline at Chickamauga is very much stricter than it was at Camp Collier, and many of the sentinels have been warned that they will be punished if they fail to salute officers as they pass, and that sentinels caught asleep while on duty may be shot for the offense. Another thing that adds to the discomfort of some of the boys is that Chickamauga is about twelve miles from Chattanooga—and liquor. Speaking of drinking recalls that a soldier who was caught putting poison into the camp's supply of drinking water last week was shot for the crime. The particulars of the case were not made public but the occurrence was generally talked about in the camp.

Hugh Brent, of Covington, son of Judge Harry Brent, of Paris, has enlisted in Company I, and is with the boys at Chickamauga. H. has been appointed Third Sergeant. Cash Armstrong, formerly of Paris, is also here with the Lexington company.

Edgar Hill, of Company I, of Paris, has been appointed to a clerkship in Division Commander Compton's headquarters. Charlton Alexander, also of Company I, has been appointed an orderly on Col. Gaither's staff, and has telegraphed home for his horse to be sent to Chickamauga. Harry Croxton, of Paris, has been appointed quartermaster under Capt. McCarthy.

There are now about 45,000 troops in camp at Chickamauga and regiments are expected to-morrow from Maine and Iowa. The famous Sixty-Ninth, from New York, arrived Friday.

The members of the Second Kentucky will receive no salary until July pay day, because the pay roll can not be completed in time to draw for May. The men will receive pay from the time they went into camp at Lexington.

Captain Strother, of Company C, Winchester, was Officer of the Day yesterday.

"Comfort bags," handy little contrivances, filled with needles, threads and buttons, made by the W. C. T. U. of Kentucky, were distributed to the Second's men yesterday by Chaplain Ways.

The tune of Dixie has been incorporated into the repertoire of the army bands. A Lee is at the head of a "Yankee" army corps, and the boys are using "the rebel yell" in the charges that they are making in sham battles.

It is estimated that there were 10,000 visitors in Camp Thomas to-day.

Gen. Joseph Breckinridge, brother of Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Lexington, is one of the most noted personages in the camp. Col. John Jacob Astor, of New York, is the most noted soldier from the society world, in the camp.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crops, Etc., Turf Notes.

A. W. Maclin, manager of the famous R. P. Pepper farms, near Frankfort, has just sold in Chicago the entire wheat crop of 1897 for \$1.70 per bushel.

Ossian Edwards, of this city, sold in Cincinnati last week six hogheads of tobacco at \$15.75 to \$10. G. W. Bramblett, of Nicholas, sold thirty-five at \$16.75 to \$10.

EVERY person who goes to the opera house to-morrow night will get the worth of his or her money. The program includes popular and classical music, a dash of vaudeville, and will conclude with a one-act play.

GET the baby a buggy at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

Notes From Camp Collier and Camp Bradley.

The Third Regiment as a whole was mustered into service Saturday afternoon, and orders from Washington are expected any hour directing the moving of the regiment. The First Regiment will be mustered in the first of the week. Everything waits on Washington. The C. & O. has a train ready at the depot to transport a regiment to Washington. Everything is very quiet in both camps.

Dasha Breckinridge has been appointed Judge Advocate of the First Regiment. This, it is understood, is a preliminary toward Mr. Breckinridge being appointed an aide on the staff of Inspector General Joseph C. Breckinridge, now inspecting troops at Chickamauga.

Captain J. C. Brvant, formerly of Ashland, has been appointed Major of the Third to succeed Congressman C. Olson, made Colonel under the additional call.

Prof. C. L. Martin, formerly of Paris, who is now Superintendent of the Newsboys Home at Louisville, has enlisted in the army and will go to the front with the band from the Home. There are seventeen boys in the band, and they were trained by Prof. Martin. The band has already made a big hit at Camp Bradley.

Hon. Henry Watterson, Gov. Bradley and Col. Breckinridge spoke to about 4,000 people at Camp Bradley Friday.

JESSE BERRY, Will Robison and Noah Smith returned Friday from Tampa, Fla., where they had taken three cars of cavalry horses which were purchased here last week from Bayles & Kern. The inspector at Tampa said that the animals were the finest that had yet been received at that point. They will return the latter part of the week to Tampa with five cars of horses for the cavalry service.

Insure in my agency—non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Visiting Cyclists In Paris.

A jolly party of cyclists composed of Messrs. T. K. Helm, Chas. Dunkerson, Geo. Patton, W. B. Bayless, C. R. Knapp, Auburn, N. Y., A. A. Bigelow, Chicago, M. G. Barr, of Lexington, Mrs. John Macauley, Miss Macauley, Miss Buckner, Misses Mary Macauley, Katherine Helm and Preston Bruce, of Louisville, Miss Mayme Redfield, of Syracuse, N. Y., Miss Prewitt and Miss Nelson, of Winchester, stopped at the Windsor Saturday night en route to Blue Lick Springs. The party was at the Windsor last night and will leave to-day for Georgetown, thence to Lexington, Versailles and Frankfort and Louisville. The baggage of the party was carried in a wagon.

Messrs. Wm. Littleford, R. Jerome Morris, Edward M. Ballard and L. E. Sawyer, lawyer cyclists from Cincinnati, who are touring the Bluegrass-awheel, were in the city yesterday, stopping at the Windsor.

Always ask for Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour. All grocers keep it. Insist on having Purity every time.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

Just received at Price & Co's—a fine line of straw and linen hats. (tf)

SEND your linen to Haggard & Reed's Steam Laundry for a good finish. (tf)

Why have such a dirty wall when paper is so cheap at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

J. T. HINTON'S refrigerators are the best. (tf)

Raceland Jersey butter for sale by Newton Mitchell.

FASHIONABLE Spring shoes, superior in every respect, and prices at the lowest point, at
DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG.

TRY our special "A" coffee, six pounds for \$1.00.
McDERMOTT & SPEARS.

Don't use any other but Purity flour from Paris Milling Co.—tell your grocer you want no other. All grocers keep it.

PRETTIEST shoes the most exacting woman can conceive—in black and brown leathers—at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig's. (tf)

SEE J. T. Hinton's large ad on fourth page. (tf)

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

SEED sweet potatoes.
McDERMOTT & SPEARS.

Bowling Alley Notes.

FROM one till five this afternoon Parks & Ritchie's bowling alley will be open for the free use of the ladies and a general invitation to be present is extended to them. Only gentlemen escorting ladies will be admitted. Already a number of well known young ladies have announced their intention of trying the fascinating pastime.

Among the good scores that have been made since Friday are the following: W. E. Board 157, R. H. Hall 153, J. D. Feeney 147, R. L. Boldrick 155, Jas. Link 156, J. Q. Ward 156, J. W. Bacon 148, Althe Mann 145, Sam Clay 154.

There is talk of organizing several bowling teams in a few days.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Sol-emnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

The engagement of Miss Madeleine McDowell, the daughter of Major H. C. and Mrs. Nannie McDowell, and Mr. Desha Breckinridge, the son of Col. W. C. P. and Mrs. Issa Desha Breckinridge, is announced.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Mrs. Hettie Rogers, wife of Haley Rogers, who died in the Lexington asylum Thursday was buried Friday at Old Union.

John Maher, an old and well known citizen of this county, died Saturday. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery Sunday. The deceased had his life insured for \$3,000.

Mrs. John Scott, aged about thirty-five, died Saturday night at Fra kfort, and her remains were brought to this city yesterday morning and taken to Millersburg for interment.

L. & N. Special Rates.

On account of "Bradley Day" at the military camps at Lexington, the L. & N. will sell round-trip tickets at one fare to-day, May 27th.

The L. & N. will sell round-trip tickets at one fare Sunday to Lexington to visit the military camps. Returning, the train will leave Lexington at six o'clock.

To Dallas, Texas, June 10, 11, 12, on account of Imperial Council Nobles of Mystic Shrine. One fare round trip.
F. B. CARR, Agent.

Buy your refrigerator from J. T. Hinton.

Carl E. people can save money by buying their goods of J. T. Hinton, at Paris. His line of mattings, carpets, wall paper and furniture is unequalled in price and quality.

Our line of men's tan shoes embraces the newest novelties for Springs, from the best manufacturers.
DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headache, 25c at druggists.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headache, 25c at druggists.

Delicate Children

They do not complain of anything in particular. They eat enough, but keep thin and pale. They appear fairly well, but have no strength. You cannot say they are really sick, and so you call them delicate.

What can be done for them? Our answer is the same that the best physicians have been giving for a quarter of a century. Give them

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It has most remarkable nourishing power. It gives color to the blood. It brings strength to the muscles. It adds power to the nerves. It means robust health and vigor. Even delicate infants rapidly gain in flesh if given a small amount three or four times each day.

50c and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Estill Springs

OPEN JUNE 15TH TO OCT. 1ST.

Noted White Sulphur and Chalybeate Waters. The prettiest place, and best kept Summer Resort in the West. For particulars apply to

CAPT. J. M. THOMAS, Proprietor
WINE, KY.

THE BEMIS Tobacco Planter

Is the greatest labor saving farm tool ever invented. It is reliable, does the work accurately, and saves money. Nothing made like it.

BUY A BEMIS

And plant your tobacco right.

New Departure.

Brown and Malta Cultivators ARE THE LEADERS.

They do the work where others fail.

Sold only by

R. J. NEELY,
PARIS, KY.

PHOENIX BICYCLES

Pretty Bicycles

are all right if you want something pretty to look at, but there is a world of satisfaction in knowing you have a wheel that will stand the racket on all roads—under all conditions. The Phoenix will do it.



DAUGHERTY BROS.

— DEALERS IN —

Bicycles, Sundries, etc., Bicycle Repairing, Vulcanizing,



It is beginning to be

WARM

and it is going to be

WARMER.

Especially is this true about

WALL PAPERS.

If you want any papering done do as other people have done, buy your paper from J. T. Hinton, and

SAVE MONEY.

Look at my window display. Who else can duplicate that line?

The prices are going to be smashed. First come, first served. It won't last long so come early.

J. T. HINTON

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings. Send me your old furniture to be repaired.

Your furniture moved by experienced hands. Wood Mantels furnished complete.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.)

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

(Payable in Advance.)
 One year.....\$2.00 (Six months.....\$1.00
 NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A RE-
 PORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc.,
 payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

Use Paris Milling Co.'s Purify
 flour—for sale by all grocers.
 Ask for it. Take no other.

J. T. HINTON has the best and cheap-
 est lace curtains. (tf)

"CHILDREN'S DAY" will be observed
 at the Christian Church Sunday.

DR. GANO BUCKNER, of this county,
 will graduate next week from the Col-
 lege of the Bible, at Lexington.

A. C. Gutzeit, ex-Parisian, of Lexing-
 ton, has presented the Lexington Elk
 Lodge with a pipe organ valued at
 \$1,000.

DR. C. H. BOWEN, the eminent opti-
 cian, will make his next regular visit to
 Paris on June 9th. Consult him at A.
 J. Winters & Co's.

"Sharper" Talbott shot Jim (Doc)
 Manning through the arm during a
 quarrel in Geo. Williams' saloon on
 Main street, yesterday afternoon.

THE Senior Sodality of the Catholic
 Church will give a strawberry supper at
 the Odd Fellows Hall Friday evening.
 The admission will be twenty-five cents.

CONDUCTOR KIRBY of the L. & N. has
 resumed his duties as Conductor on the
 Maysville and Lexington train after a
 short lay-off on account of his injured
 hand.

ELDER ZACHARY, of Old Union,
 preached his farewell sermon Sunday.
 Eld. Sharrard will hereafter preach at
 that place on the second and fourth
 Sundays.

D. MILLER, of Second street, who was
 taken to Covington last week to be
 treated for paralysis, is improving.
 Squire Lillieston has closed Miller's
 stock of groceries for him.

THE Junior Sodality of the Catholic
 Church netted something over eighty
 dollars on their dramatic entertainment
 "The Little Mischief Makers," at the
 opera house Tuesday night.

A thief entered Bob Rose's home the
 other night and stole one ham, but left
 it. He also carried Rose's trousers
 Call the house and left them, but over-
 -saw \$3.90 in one of the pockets.

COL. A. J. LOWERY, Capt. A. C. Adair
 and Sir Knights Brutus Grinnan, Ernest
 Ritchie, Geo. Laughlin and Lee Deaver,
 of this city, attended the Decoration
 Day exercises yesterday in Cynthiana.

AUCTIONEER A. T. FORSYTH sold Sat-
 urday for Master Commissioner E. M.
 Dickson an undivided one-half of 51
 acres of land near the fair grounds,
 property of Lewis Hall, to John G.
 Towles, for \$525.

THERE will be popular and classical
 music, an interesting bit of vaudeville,
 and a one-act play, "A Loyal Coquette,"
 given at the dramatic and musical en-
 -tertainment to-morrow night at
 the opera house. The admission to
 the parquet and dress
 circle will be fifty cents.

MR. J. H. WATTERS, of the noted
 Watters Party studio, last yesterday for
 a few days stay in Cynthiana. Mr.
 Watters has made many friends here
 and his fine work has won endless
 praise. As portrait artist the Watters
 Party are at the top of the ladder.
 Their many satisfied patrons in Bourbon
 recommend them to the citizens of
 Harrison.

MISS ELLA MARTIN, whom Cincinnati
 and Lexington critics concede to be
 the best singer in Lexington will sing
 two numbers to-morrow night at the musical
 and dramatic entertainment at the
 opera house. The program will com-
 -prise other clever musical numbers by
 talented Paris musicians, a sensational
 vaudeville act by Mr. Maurice Hedgee,
 a turn by Geo. Browner, and close with
 the one-act drama "A Loyal Coquette."
 A party of Lexington people are coming
 down to Paris for the event.

Leading Citizens III.

DR. JOE FITHIAN, of High street, who
 has been very ill of blood poison for
 several days, was slightly improved
 yesterday.

COL. R. G. STONER was seized with a
 sudden illness Friday morning and has
 since been in a very serious condition.
 He was reported slightly improved yester-
 -day.

Don't put down that old carpet. J.
 T. Hinton has some beautiful ones. (tf)

My agency insures against
 fire, wind and storm—best old re-
 -liable, prompt paying compa-
 -nies—non-union.
 W. O. HINTON, Agent.

The Graded School Tournament.

THE annual contests of the Graded
 Schools of Central Kentucky was held
 at Richmond on Thursday, Friday and
 Saturday of last week. On Thursday
 afternoon the delegations from Cynthi-
 -ana, Paris, Winchester, Nicholasville,
 Somerset and Harrodsburg, numbering
 in all about 300, took possession of Rich-
 -mond.

On Thursday afternoon they were
 entertained with a base ball game be-
 -tween Central University and Kentucky
 University.

On Thursday evening, in Central Uni-
 -versity chapel, the musical contests
 were held:

The piano duet was awarded to
 Misses Bessie Edwards and Hattie
 Mann, of Paris, there being no entries
 against them.

The chorus contest was between a
 chorus of 29 from Richmond, 26 from
 Winchester, and 20 from Paris. The
 prize was awarded to Winchester. The
 latter chorus sang the patriotic new
 "Hail Columbia."

Misses Willie Trayner and Nell
 Marston, of Richmond, won the vocal
 duet over Winchester and Harrods-
 -burg. Miss Willie Trayner, it will be
 remembered won the vocal solo at this
 place a few years ago. Her sister, Miss
 Mary Trayner, won the vocal solo this
 year over Paris, Harrodsburg and Win-
 -chester.

The music was not as good as in pre-
 -vious years. The fact that winners in
 previous contests are barred interfered
 much with the selection of musical
 representatives. For this reason Paris
 had only three entries in the musical
 contests.

The contest in written spelling was
 won by Miss Ella McFarland, of Har-
 -rodsburg, and in rapid calculation by
 McCreey Simmons, of Richmond;
 in arithmetic, Alabama Bolkins, of
 Winchester; in Geometry, by Miss
 Frankie Marsh, of Paris; in Algebra, by
 Miss Mary Holler, of Winchester; in
 Latin, Miss Edna Jordan, of Somerset;
 in Mental Arithmetic, Kay Sallie, of
 Harrodsburg, in Drawing Miss Mayme
 Perry, Winchester. In German there
 were no entries except from Paris, and,
 as usual in such cases, the prize was
 awarded to those pupils to be given at
 the annual examination at the close of
 school.

The prize in penmanship, in addition
 to the gold medal, was a ten dollar gold
 piece, and was awarded to Miss Ellen
 Sprake, of Paris.

The girls' declamatory contest was
 won by Miss Mary Coyle, of Richmond,
 and the boys' contest by John Lacey, of
 Harrodsburg.

Harrodsburg won the base-ball
 pennant, and of the eleven athletic
 events Paris carried off five, Mr. Will
 Rion taking four, the other honor be-
 -ing secured by Mr. Stanley Dow.

The affair was a thoroughly enjoyable
 one and will long be remembered. The
 town was decorated and Richmond
 broke all previous records for hospitali-
 -ty. Free carriages, free entertainment,
 and most courteous treatment charac-
 -terized the occasion. It is very evident,
 however, that the Tournament is be-
 -coming too unwieldy an affair and it
 was chiefly for this reason that it was
 not as well organized as in previous
 years.

Killing in Hackerville.

JOHN ALLEN, colored, shot and killed
 George Thomas, alias "Nug" Kennedy,
 colored, in Hackerville, Sunday evening
 about seven o'clock. The bullet entered
 Thomas' temple and came out the back
 of his head. He lived until 5:30 yester-
 -day morning.

The testimony of the witnesses at
 Coroner Roberts' inquest yesterday
 showed that the killing was done in self
 defense, and the jury returned a verdict
 that Thomas came to his death from a
 bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of
 John Allen, and that the shooting was
 done in self defense. The verdict was
 signed by E. B. January, A. T. Forsyth,
 S. M. Wilmoth, T. E. Howe, G. R.
 Davis and J. T. Berry.

Allen was arrested by Constable Joe
 Williams and is in jail awaiting his ex-
 -amining trial which will be held before
 Judge Purnell Thursday morning.
 Allen has engaged Rogers & Moore to
 defend him.

Valuable Horse Sold.

TURNEY BROS., of this city, have sold
 their valuable two-year-old colt, Dr.
 Elchburg, by Candlemas—Neil Swift,
 to C. Fleischman's sons, of Cincinnati.
 The price is said to be fifteen thousand
 dollars, as ten thousand had been re-
 -fused for him. The colt is a brother to
 Dr. Catlett. He won the Laureate
 Stakes, and is heavily engaged in the
 East, being in the Futurity and other
 good stakes.

THE music lovers of Paris should not
 fail to hear Miss Ella B. Martin, Lexing-
 -ton's cleverest singer, at the entertain-
 -ment to-morrow night at the opera
 house. There will be musical numbers
 by Prof. Gutzeit, Mr. Jas. Condon, the
 Foote family, and others, several vaude-
 -ville acts, and the program will con-
 -clude with the original one-act play "A
 Loyal Coquette," by Walter Champ,
 to be produced by W. H. Davis, of the
 "Fast Mail" Co. Reserved seats on
 sale this morning at Brooks' drug store.
 Admission to parquet and dress circle,
 fifty cents.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY
THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At
 The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And
 Elsewhere.

—Prof. Frank Walker is ill at his
 home on High Street.

—Prof. Dav. of Danville, was a visitor
 in Paris Friday and Saturday.

—Mrs. W. A. Gaines, of Georgetown,
 was a visitor in the city yesterday.

—Dr. F. L. Lapsley arrived home yest-
 -rday from a short visit in Mercer.

—Mrs. Fanniebell Sutherland was in
 Lexington Saturday visiting friends.

—Miss Amelia Weitzel, of Frank-
 -fort, is the guest of Mrs. J. T. Hinton.

—Miss Nellie Lyle, of Danville, was
 the guest of her uncle, Mr. J. A. Lyle,
 last week.

—Hon. LaRue Thomas and wife, of
 Maysville, are the guests of Mr. and
 Mrs. Percy Jones.

—Mrs. J. W. Davis visited her
 parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Withers, yester-
 -day in Cynthiana.

—Mr. Ed. Knapp, of Cincinnati, was
 the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Myall
 Sunday and yesterday.

—Mr. Yancey Freeman, of Lexington,
 was the guest of Mr. Albert Hinton,
 Sunday and yesterday.

—Miss Louise Parrish arrived home
 yesterday from a short visit to Miss
 Lida Rogers, in Maysville.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Bronston, of
 Lexington, were guests of Mr. G. B.
 Alexander and family Sunday.

—Messrs. Hume Payne and Ed.
 Hatchcraft attended the "Leap Year"
 ball in Maysville Friday night.

—Mrs. Sallie Ashbrook, of Cynthiana,
 is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Hutch-
 -craft, who has been seriously ill.

—Dr. Ben Frank, Steward of the Hospi-
 -tal Corps, at Camp Bradley, Lexing-
 -ton, is at home on a short furlough.

—Prof. Augustus Rogers and wife, of
 Danville, spent Saturday with Mr. and
 Mrs. S. B. Rogers and Mrs. Percy Jones.

—Miss Ella Joplin will arrive to-day
 from Mt. Vernon to visit her sister,
 Mrs. W. T. Brooks, on Duncan avenue.

—Mrs. W. S. Ray was called to Louis-
 -ville by telegraph Saturday to see her
 aunt, Mrs. Nannie Munnell, who is
 quite ill.

—Mr. Lewis Jones, a leading society
 man, of Ashland, was in the city yester-
 -day. He was the guest of Mr. Carroll
 Marshall.

—Miss Carrie Gardner, of Russell
 Cave, Fayette county, is the guest of
 Misses Eddie and Alice Spears, on Mt.
 Airy avenue.

—Dr. Julius Purnell arrived home
 Friday evening from Medical College in
 Louisville, and is being warmly greeted
 by many friends.

—Hon. Sam Kash, of Manchester,
 Ky., was a guest of Sherman Stivers
 Friday. He left for Frankfort Saturday
 morning to argue a case before the
 Court of Appeals.

—Editor Wm. Remington, of the
 Kentucky Citizen, and Mr. J. A.
 Bower, of the L. & N., left Saturday
 night for a trip to Ohiokamanga
 National Park and Lookout Mountain.
 They returned yesterday morning.

—Miss Jesse Turney has issued in-
 -vitations for a card party to-morrow
 night at her home near Paris, to be
 given in honor of her guest, Miss
 Owing, of Mt. Sterling. The Misses
 Cotville will entertain at cards Friday
 afternoon in honor of Miss Owing.

—The following young people com-
 -posed a merry party which enjoyed a
 bowling picnic excursion up Stoner yester-
 -day: Misses Kate Alexander, Emily
 May Wheat (Louisville), Mary Webb
 Guss, Alice Spears, Eddie Spears, Louise
 Wheat (Louisville), Etta McClintock,
 Mamie McClintock, Amelia Weitzel
 (Frankfort), Ida Frieml, Sybil Kean,
 Clara Wilmoth, Nellie Mann, Fannie
 Mann, Emma Miller, Carrie Gardner
 (Fayette), Laura Trindle, Margaret
 Butler, Dr. J. R. Adair, Dr. L. Q. Nel-
 -son, Robt. Parks, Thos. Wilmoth, Dr.
 C. G. Daugherty, Albert Hinton, Yancey
 Freeman (Lexington), Oakford Hinton,
 J. K. Spears, Jr., J. M. McVey, John
 Williams, Walter Kenney, Rev. J. S.
 Meredith, Strother Quisenberry, J. Q.
 Ward, Jr., J. M. Brennan, Talbott Clay
 and Mr. W. L. Davis. A fine dinner
 was spread on the grass at a spring
 above Maple Island and the party spent
 a delightful day.

—Mrs. E. M. Dickson gave a charm-
 -ing euchre party at her home on Third
 street Friday afternoon in honor of her
 guest, Mrs. John Rodman, of Frankfort.
 There were seven tables of players, and
 Miss Weitzel and Mrs. Bruce Miller
 tied for choice of the prizes. Miss
 Weitzel won the choice and secured a
 handsome Bohemian vase, Mrs. Miller
 getting a Wedgewood cup. Miss Ash-
 -brook, of Cynthiana, won the consol-
 -ation prize. The players were: Mes-
 -srs. John Rodman, T. E. Ashbrook,
 W. T. Brooks, W. E. Board, Robt. Go-
 -gin, John Ireland, Hugh Montgomery,
 J. M. Hall, C. M. Clay, Jr., John
 Bowen, Swift Champ, Brice Steele,
 Thompson Tarr, Bruce Miller, Irvine
 Blanton, (Cynthiana), W. V. Parker,
 Brink Renick, W. T. Talbott, Henry

Spears, Amos Turne, G. W. Stuart,
 H. H. Roberts, Mrs. Lizzie Walker,
 Misses Lottie Williams, Amelia Weitzel
 (Frankfort), Emma Scott, Sallie Ash-
 -brook (Cynthiana), Tillie Bient. A
 very tempting repast was served after
 the games were over.

—Mr. Howard Edwards has returned
 from Central University at Richmond.

—Mrs. John Connell and son, Thorn-
 -ton, are visiting relatives in Millersburg.

—Chas. Shea, a clever young Parisian
 who has been studying art in Cincin-
 -nati, arrived home Sunday. He has
 made good progress in his studies, and
 may go to New York this fall to study.

Deserving Parisian Appointed.

LOUIS EARLEYWINE, son of Dan'l
 Earleywine, and one of the most deserv-
 -ing young men of Paris, has been ap-
 -pointed Stenographer to Gov. Bradley,
 vice Jos. Simcox, who joined the army.
 Louis received the appointment three
 weeks ago, and went to Frankfort Wed-
 -nesday to assume the duties of his po-
 -sition, and not to ask for a commission as
 captain of a company of soldiers. He
 was recommended by Col. Wilbur
 Smith, of Lexington, for the position.

Episcopal Council.

REV. J. S. MEREDITH and Mr. Henry
 Spears, of this city, were delegates to
 the Council of the Episcopal Diocese of
 Lexington which met Saturday in Lex-
 -ington. The next meeting of the Coun-
 -cil will be held in Danville on the third
 Wednesday in May, 1899. The sum of
 \$1,564 was pledged to erect a new
 Episcopal residence in Lexington, and
 \$2,000 more is wanted from the different
 parishes.

New City Attorneys.

ROGERS & MOORE, the popular law
 firm, were elected City Attorneys,
 Thursday night. The offices of these
 gentlemen are located on Broadway,
 and their close and successful attention
 to business is winning them a liberal
 patronage.

June Revenue Appointments.

THE following revenue men will be on
 duty at Bourbon distilleries in June:
 Storekeepers—W. T. Crosthwaite, day,
 W. B. Allen, additional, M. G. O'Neil,
 bottling, Paris Distilling Co.; A. J.
 McDowell, Bourbon Distilling Co.
 Gaugers—O. B. Heady, Paris Distilling
 Co. and G. G. White Co.

Card of Thanks.

I DESIRE to thank the many loving
 friends for their numerous kindnesses to
 my beloved wife during her last hours,
 and for the faithful ministrations of Dr.
 Lapsley. I wish to express my sincere
 thanks. I appreciate all that has been
 done for me in this moment of my
 sorest bereavement. Sincerely,
 EDW. BOONE.

Court Cleanings.

SATURDAY in Judge W. M. Purnell's
 court James Anderson was fined \$200
 for suffering gaol. He is in jail.
 Aquille Gatewood and Sam Wilson,
 convicted of gaming, were each fined
 \$30 and costs.

The case of Robt. Hash, charged with
 shooting at random on public highway,
 resulted in a hung jury.

Frank Sanford maliciously shooting,
 James Neal, petit larceny, Belle Jack-
 -son, petit larceny, were discharged.
 In Judge Webb's court Bettie Mack
 and Rachael Murphy, colored, were
 each fined \$7.50 for exchanging compli-
 -ments in unprintable language.

Call and see the new line of
 boys' waists—25, 50 and 75
 cents—at Price & Co's., clothiers.
 No trouble to show goods.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY EVE., JUNE 1ST.

A VARIED PROGRAM

— OF —

Music and Drama

— CONSISTING OF —

Vocal numbers by MISS ELLA B.
 MARTIN, of Lexington.
 Instrumental numbers by the FOOTE
 FAMILY and PROF. A. W. GUTZEIT.
 Solo by MR. JAS. CONDON and a quartet
 by other talented vocalists.
 MR. MAURICE HEDGEE, of the Agnes
 Wallace Villa Co., in an original
 sensational act.
 MR. GEO. BROWNER in an amusing role.

— TO CONCLUDE WITH —

The One-Act Drama,

A Loyal Coquette

Written by Walter Champ.

— TO BE PRODUCED BY —

MR. W. H. DAVIS,

of the Fast Mail Co., who will assume
 the leading role, assisted by a competent
 cast.

PRICES:

Parquette.....50cts.
 Dress Circle.....50cts.
 Balcony, reserved.....35cts.
 Balcony, general admission.....25cts.
 Gallery.....15cts.

Tickets on sale at 9 o'clock this
 morning, and seats reserved at Brooks'
 drug-store.

ONE HALF

Of some advertisements are misleading. We want to
 clean out some odds and ends in Ladies' \$4 and \$5 hand-
 -turned shoes, sizes 1 to 5. We have cut the price to \$1.50
 per pair cash. For ladies who want perfect comfort and
 long-wearing shoes this is an exceptional opportunity.

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig.

For Men and Boys.

We have added to our business the best assorted stock, to be sold
 at the lowest popular prices of furnishing goods for Men and Boys
 wear ever placed on sale in Paris—such as white Dress Shirts, Neg-
 -lige Shirts in Percale, Madras and Cheviots, knit and muslin under-
 -wear, cotton, silk and Lisle socks, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs and
 Gloves, String Ties, Bows and Scarfs, Collars and Cuffs. Everything
 complete for Men and Boys and all new and up to date in style and
 prices.

Come and see us and we will save you money compared with
 prices charged you at clothing and haberdasher houses.

G. TUCKER,

529 Main St., Paris, Ky.

CONDON'S LOW PRICES

Keep Condon's Crowded.

Everything in Spring Goods

Now on Sale at Special Cut Prices.

We append a few Bargains:

Dress Goods from 5c to \$1.00 per
 yard. One special lot at 39c,
 worth double.

Dress linings at half the price
 asked elsewhere.

New Table Linens, from 24c to
 75c per yard. Special sale a 50c.

Large line of Penangs at 4c per
 yard.

Splendid Hosiery for Ladies and
 Children at 10c per pair.

Notions of all kinds very cheap.

Extra good bleached and un-
 -bleached cotton, at 5c per yard.

New York Mills Sheetting 18c,
 worth 30c a yard.

Beautiful Pictures given away with \$5-purchase

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

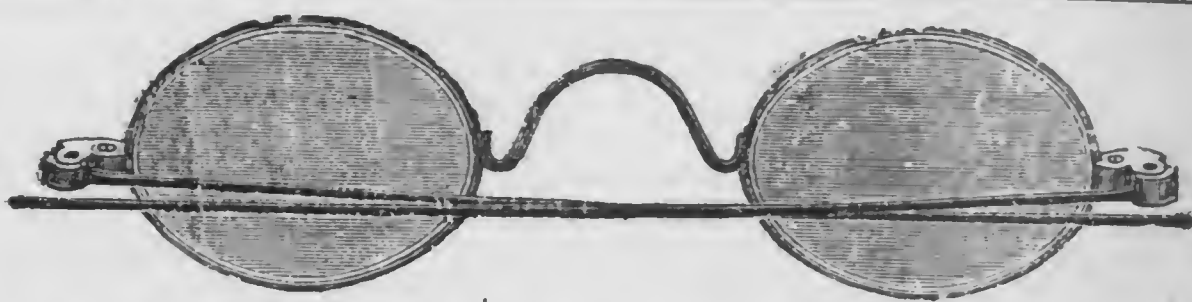
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, where
 quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.



A. J. Winters & Co., of this city, have en-
 -gaged the services of an eminent optician to be
 at their store, on the first and last Thursday of
 each month, who will test your eye-sight and
 fit you with glasses and guarantee satisfac-
 -tion. Call in and have your eyes tested free of
 charge.
 Next visit will be Thursday, June 9, 1898.

ANOTHER SPANISH VIC-
TORY!

Spain shouts. Will somebody tell
 him when he is licked? He don't
 realize that he is badly "done up"
 already. You may not realize
 that your linen is badly "done up,"
 either, until you compare it with
 some of the exquisite work done
 at this laundry. Our laundry work
 is simply perfect, and can't be im-
 -proved on. A test is all we need
 to make you a patron always.



The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owners
BRUCE MILLER, Editor

MY FIRST SWEETHEART.

She was the fairest, bonniest lass
That mortal ever knew;
The rose's blush was on her cheeks,
Her eyes had caught the blue
Of June-time skies; around her head
Bright, golden ringlets danced,
And when my sweetheart smiled on me
I felt my heart entranced.

I found her sitting 'neath the trees
One glorious day in May,
The breezes with her dancing curls
Were merrily at play;
I looked at her with steadfast gaze,
She turned her eyes on me,
They brimmed with love, our warm lips
met.

In kisses one, two, three.

That day was years and years ago,
But I can ne'er forget
My first sweetheart's bewitching eyes,
And, oh, I love her yet
As fervently as in those days
When first on me she smiled;
And she loves me, I know it, for
I am her only child.

—Thomas B. Holmes, in Ladies' Home

The Man and the Editor.

THEY sat at opposite ends of a bench on the Marine parade and observed each other furtively. His eyes, weary with the contemplation of a succession of sartorial failures, rested approvingly on her white drill skirt, her immaculate collar and the sailor hat of the right shape set in the right place on her brown hair. She told herself that he was very presentable, and decidedly unexpected in Easton-super-Mare, where in August the voice of the excursionist is loud in the land, and the accompaniment is of concertinas. Both were bored and in want of companionship; she was young and he barely middle aged, and it was quite inexcusable, when her book having slipped from her knee and been restored by him, she not only thanked him, but observed:

"There's a wretched library here."

"You don't go to the best," he replied, with a glance at the label on the volume. "There is quite a decent one up the street. They get a book or two from Mudie occasionally. I don't fancy there is much demand for literature here, though."

"He has a nice voice," she told herself, trying not to be frightened at her own temerity. "And nice eyes, and he's a gentleman, and he isn't young, and it doesn't matter."

But her remark had been the result of impulse, not of resolve, and the reaction caused her to say, rather stiffly:

"Thank you. I must try the other place."

She almost decided that she would go now, but reflected that she had started the conversation, and that such a course would be an unmerited snub for him, so she remained and presently made an observation on the heat of the weather and the glare from the sea.

"Oh, it's an awful place," he answered; "I shouldn't stay here a moment if I hadn't got to."

"Nor I."

"Four hours by rail from London," he groaned; "the only place worth living in."

"Yes," she assented.

"Brass bands and Christies, and nasty little steamers with yellow funnels disgorging at the pier all day. Ugh!"

"But it's healthy," she said.

"Oh, yes. When I'm not eating I sleep, and I'm getting fat. I ought not to grumble, but I do."

"I ought not to have spoken to you, but I did," she observed, with sudden audacity, and then blushed so hotly that he saw it through her thick veil.

"I am very grateful to you for having done so," he said. "I have seen you about several times during the last week, and have felt that we were both aliens in the land, and might find that much, at least, in common. But there was no one to murmur a few senseless words of introduction over us."

"Poor Mrs. Grundy," she said, with a smile, as she looked at a tiny watch that she had taken out of her waist belt. "I must go," she added; "it's quite late."

"We shall meet again, I hope," he suggested.

"Possibly; I'm often about." And with a nod she left him.

Easton is specially dreary on a wet day. They met in the library that he had recommended and told each other so. She wore a thinner veil to-day, which showed him that her eyes were pretty and her mouth sweet-tempered looking. The gray hairs in his short, pointed beard inspired her with confidence. She ignored the fact that his eyes were young.

"It was too depressing indoors, and I had nothing to read," she said, as she nulled the first volume of "The Amazing Marriage" out of its place.

"Ah, Meredith? Allow me; rainy-day literature is a thing apart, and, charming as Meredith is, he is not for you to-day. May I recommend—"

"Don't. I am not the sort of person to require a funny book to keep up my spirits on a dreary day. I dislike farce. You shall keep your Meredith," he returned; "I will confess that I have been reveling in 'Richard Feverel' all the morning myself."

After ten minutes' gossip on books it seemed quite natural that when she moved toward the door he should follow. The discussion on the merits of the Kailyard school was at far too interesting a stage to be abandoned, and, once in the street, they discovered that they were both going the same way. That way was along the deserted and windy Parade; but somehow when they parted Easton did not seem quite so dreary to either of them.

"I felt as though I had known you forever instead of a week," he said.

"And I as though we had been properly introduced," she replied, demurely.

It was a hot afternoon, and they had wandered into the wooded path that skirts the hill and overlooks the bay. The tide was in, so the mud, that is a distinguishing feature of Easton, was not in evidence, and the brassiness of the band on the pier was tempered by distance. They had dropped a little way down the hill; she sat on a large stone and he at her feet. In spite of his words, he knew little of her beyond the fact that she was charming (which he had found out for himself), and that her name was Grace (which she had told him). She had chosen to surround herself with mild mystery; the reason of her residence in Easton was unknown to him. In return she asked nothing, and he vouchsafed little save that he had been knocked up from overwork, and been sent to Easton for complete rest.

"You are so very good, you take me on trust," he said.

"As you have to take me. I believe you want me to ask you questions, and I won't."

"You are a very mysterious person. I incline to the belief that you are a princess, and that some day you will rise up and crush me for my presumption."

"Perhaps I serve in a shop," she suggested.

"Oh, well, I am a hairdresser. The next time you go into that Bond street emporium to have your hair singed or waved—what do you have done to it?—I shall probably come forward and say: 'This way, please, madam.'"

"Bond street! What extravagant notions you have! I go to a little place in Tottenham court road."

"Do give me the address. Some day, when I am out of employment, I will go there, and you will walk in, and—cut me, I suppose."

"I don't usually discuss Browning with my hairdresser."

"Nor I with the girl who sells me gloves," he replied, and they both laughed.

"But how nice it is to discuss anything at all," she said. "Most of the people I know never read anything worth mentioning."

"How very terrible! Poor Princess!"

"And I appreciate so much," she sighed.

"So much that I wonder you do not aspire to create."

He spoke carelessly, but there was a flush on her cheeks as her eyes, very wide and soft, met his.

"Do you think that possible?" she asked.

"Why not? You have the dramatic instinct, imagination and observation. You see, I have studied you well in this week. But these alone do not mean success in literature; they must be bound together with something stronger, and cemented with form and style. Have you tried?"

She plucked nervously at the grass beside her before she answered.

"Yes."

He looked at her hands, which lay bare in her lap. They were white, firm hands, and the middle finger of the right hand was very slightly stained with ink.

"That's bad," he said, smiling at the stain. "But still there's hope. It is possible that you will one day show me some of your endeavors. She shook her head. "Yes," he urged. "Perhaps I could help. Please listen to me. I suppose you have heard of editors?"

"Occasionally."

"But you have never met one?"

"Never."

"Your tone tells me that you consider them formidable. But they are not so, really." He looked into her eyes, smiling. "You see one now," he said.

"You!" she cried, blushing.

"Even I; why not? Now, you see, there would be some reason in showing me your writings."

"And what is your paper?"

"It is a magazine called Moderna."

"Oh!" And after a pause she added: "Will you give me pencil and paper?"

He tore a leaf from his pocketbook and gave it to her.

She scribbled two words and gave it back to him.

"What is it?" he asked, as he read.

"What does it mean? Oh!—oh!—oh! the deuce!"

He crumpled the paper, threw it from him, and jumped up and stood staring at her. His face was red; hers was white, and her eyes met his defiantly.

"You have seen that before," she said.

"Once or twice," he admitted.

"Six times," firmly. "I pestered you. Friends who didn't know anything about it advised me to go on—not to be discouraged, and I went on—on to the very end, till you—"

"Oh, I was a brute!" he groaned.

"You advised me to stop. Why didn't you tell me before?" she demanded, with unreasoning anger.

"You didn't—"

"Oh, of course, I didn't let you. I beg your pardon. It was very stupid of me, but there was something fascinating in being mysterious. I had never done anything unconventional in my life, and I wanted to make the most of it."

She looked at him and flushed crimson. "Why—why did you reject them?" she asked. He looked embarrassed.

"Well, you see, Moderna is an important magazine, and the editor has a lot of work, and I—ah, in short, they were not suitable."

"You did not read them," sternly.

"Indeed I did, the first one—ones."

"I quite understand," she rose with some dignity, and scrambled up the bank to the road.

"Don't go!" he cried, following her. "Princess, I have so much to tell you."

They stood facing each other at the edge of the dusty road, and below on the pier the band brayed out the "Washington Post."

"Well?"

"Don't leave me," he pleaded. "I can't endure it if you do. I can't let you go, because I want you so much." He

caught her hands and held them tightly.

"Dear, I love you," he said.

"But—" she said, "but—"

"Oh, I know. But an editor is also a man. As the former, I returned your MSS.; as the latter, I—adore you."

"But you can't," she protested, "you hardly know me."

"Give me a chance, dear; I don't ask you to say anything now, but later, when I know your people, when you are mysterious no longer—"

"Oh, as to that," she said, despondently, "there isn't much to know about my people. We live in Bedford square, in a very large and ugly house. Father made quite a lot of money in pickles. I suppose you have seen posters of a very large and healthy-looking man eating cold beef, accompanied by River's Celebrated Pickles. I particularly dislike that poster."

"I have often admired it," said he, valiantly.

"How dear of you to say so," she cried, and as there was no one in sight he kissed her.

"Oh, yes, I forgive you," she said, a few minutes later, "and later on you will be able to tell me what is suitable for 'Moderna'—the style of thing you want. You will never (smiling) be able to 'decline with thanks' now? Will you?" she added, after a pause.

I think that was one of the most terrible moments in the editor's life. The standard of 'Moderna' was a high one, and the critic in him told him that his love's literary productions would never rise above mediocrity. But his heart cried out that she was in his arms, that she was his, and nothing else mattered, not even the profession that had been more to him for 20 years than any woman had ever been.

"But you will not have time to write when we are married," he urged.

"There will be all the new books to read, and things to talk about, and the theaters, and parties—we are going to give such jolly parties, you know, quite small, but jolly—you won't have a moment, because in addition to that you will have me to look after, madam."

She drew away and regarded him tentatively.

"You continue," she said, very gently, "to decline—"

"Dearest—"

"Answer me," she persisted.

And the editorial instinct, which was older in him than the emotion which she had inspired, won the day.

"I—I must," he stammered.

"Then I also," she said, still in her unreasonably gentle tone, "must decline."

To his passionate protestations she turned a deaf ear. She was firm in her determination that if she married an editor she would enjoy the full benefit of the position. And the editor of 'Moderna' had always been distinguished by a quality which his enemies called obstinacy. So they parted. At the last he held her hands and said, earnestly: "Some day—perhaps you will send a line—a word, even—to 'Moderna'. If ever you can—you know what it will mean to me. Good-by."

"Good-by," she whispered, and down on the pier the last notes of the "Washington Post" were prolonged in a harsh wail.

One evening late in the following February the editor of 'Moderna' turned into the Strand from the side street wherein his office lay and hailed a hansom. He looked very cheerful, his mustache was twisted up at the corners and he wore a bunch of violets in his button-hole. Half an hour ago he received a note which ran: "Come and see me; I have something to tell you. Grace."

In the big, shadowy drawing-room in Bedford square a very pretty woman was waiting. She had lighted the yellow-shaded candles, and the light fell on the bunches of jonquils that were everywhere and on her primrose-hued gown. When the door opened and he was announced she did not move to greet him, but stood still and looked at him. He came close and took her hand and held it.

"What do you want to tell me?" he asked.

She held up her right hand. "Look!" she whispered, "there is no ink on it now." She laid her fingers against his lips. "You will have to love me very much—to make up."

"Darling!" said the editor, who seemed to consider that quite a sensible remark.

Below in the misty square a hurdy-gurdy man began to grind out the "Washington Post."—Kathleen Murray, in Belgravia.

To Preserve Eggs.

The months of April and May are the best for preserving eggs. Prepare the water with the best English shell lime until it has strength enough to keep an egg afloat. Allow it to stand until cold. Have the eggs carefully packed in jars or cases or whatever is intended to preserve them in. Place a fine sieve over it—to remove all small pieces of lime and sand—then pour on the lime water. Great care is necessary that no eggs are packed with the least crack in them. The lime water cannot be too strong. With no other mixture than this it has been known to keep eggs fresh for over 12 months. Another way is to coat them with vaseline and then put them in lime water. Brine has been found to be useless in preserving them, and packing in bran, paper or wood ashes will not prevent them from going bad; but the vaseline and lime water have been found most safe, and will keep them many months.—Detroit Free Press.

Sanitation's Iron Rule.

"John," faltered the little woman, "you have forgotten something."

He started guiltily.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, her lips quivering.

For it was the third time within a month that he had neglected to call at the bureau of public health on his way home to get a permit to kiss her.—Detroit Journal.

CUBA'S RAINY SEASON.

Medical and Other Experts on the Prevailing Conditions on the Island.

If medical authorities and the opinions of those who have been in Cuba and other tropical climates are not at fault, the popular belief that it will be fatal to send troops to Cuba until after the rainy season is over is erroneous. The surgeon general of the army, a very high authority on the subject, is quoted as saying that he is confident the excellent sanitary provisions of the service will prevent any greater mortality from fever in Cuba than is occasioned by diseases common in more northern latitudes, "where the health of the soldiers has been much better than that of the great cities where they have been stationed." The surgeon general of the navy, who had charge of a squadron at Rio Janeiro in a very sickly season and did not lose a man by yellow fever, hopes to be equally fortunate now. William T. Hornaday, who has spent years in tropical jungles worse than any in Cuba, writes the Army and Navy Journal that if our soldiers are properly equipped, fed and cared for, and take reasonable care of themselves, they will fare no worse in a rainy season campaign in Cuba than they would in Arkansas and Alabama. The equipment, he says, should include an adequate supply of hemp twine hammocks to keep the men off the ground at night. He would have oilskin sheets for shelter, rubber blankets, hickory shirts, short trousers, with a band and button just below the knee, woolen stockings up to the knee, and the very best shoes obtainable.

The Army and Navy Journal publishes an interesting interview with Mr. Fullerton, who has explored a large part of Cuba on a bicycle. He says that if good water is not to be found on the surface, it can always be obtained by boring. He thinks that "the wet season should count for scarcely anything in case the army is properly equipped and is supplied with good food." Regarding the occupation of Cuba by United States troops, Mr. Fullerton says:

"To the southwest of Havana, probably not more than 20 or 30 miles, on the Caribbean side, there are coves and landing places where any number of troops could be disembarked with safety, with all the artillery they might wish to take with them. These places are not fortified, for the very reason that Spain cannot afford to fortify them; the same reason as that which keeps the defenses of Havana so antiquated."

Other men who have been much in Cuba express similar views regarding the climate during the rainy season. There is little danger if the proper care is exercised. Consul-General Lee, it will be remembered, in his testimony, declared that our troops would not be exposed to unusual disease by invading the island during the rainy season.—Indianapolis Journal.

VISIT TO A MANDARIN.

Some of the Difficulties Encountered by a European in Making a Call on the Magnate.

The precincts of a yamen (official residences in China) are invariably walled round, and the only entrance is on the south side. Over the gateway is a heavy tiled roof, and this tiled roof is supported in front by two strong poles resting on stones. The gates are of wood and consist of three portions; the central portion of two leaves, gaily painted with allegorical figures, is only used by the mandarin himself, his equals or his superiors; the two side entrances, half the breadth of the central, by servants and officials of subordinate degree. If the yamen is a large one, there are two roofed orchestra boxes, one at each side of the entrance, and some 50 or 100 feet from it outside, and as the visitor enters in his palanquin these orchestra boxes discourse music in the shape of Chinese airs of the squeakiest description.

If the visitor is entitled to a salute (never more, never fewer than three "guns"), three iron mortars are fired off by a man with a long stick, just as the visitor enters the gate. Military men are supposed to go on horseback, and in order to keep this semblance of manliness often have their nag led behind the chair, but, roundly speaking, it may be said that in these degenerate days all visits are made in chairs.

One would have thought that, with so many doors and a sedan chair welcomed by guns and music, the entrance of a visitor would have been a simple matter. But no; with Europeans the question is, or used to be, raised whether the middle door shall be opened at all, and, however carefully the appointment may have been made, the mandarin or one of his servants usually manages to keep the chair waiting for a few minutes just to "take a rise" out of the visitor. During this mauvais quart d'heure all the boys and roughs in the neighborhood congregate noisily and make rude remarks; the chairbearers, anxious to rest, support their burden on two groggy poles, which wobble about and threaten to collapse the whole machine.—Cornhill Magazine.

Savory Day.

An aid-de-camp rode hurriedly to the general's side and gasped: "General, the enemy's bicycle corps is preparing to charge."

"Ah," replied the general, with great satisfaction, "now we have an opportunity to see what our tack-throwing mortars can do. Let them open fire at once."

In three minutes the intervening ground was strewn with tacks and the attacking corps was obliged to retreat in confusion. The day was saved.—Judge.

Some Hope.

Nelly—I hope she won't say anything about that.

Rose—Perhaps she won't. I didn't ask her to keep it quiet.—Puck.

HUMOROUS.

The dyspeptic man's stomach isn't always in good trim when it's in "apple-pie order."

A Defense.—First Critic.—"There's no excuse for that man trying to play Hamlet." Second Critic.—"Yes, there is! He's getting paid for it."—Puck.

Geography Up to Date.—"Tell the class what an island is, Sammy?" "Yes'm; an island is a body of land surrounded by United States battleships."—Chicago Record.

"Some are ready to go to war the moment they are needed," remarked the observer of men and things, "and others the moment they are not needed."—Detroit Journal.

Governor of the Prison—"What is the cause of this unseemly delay?" Jailer—"That expert headman you engaged from the medical school is sterilizing the ax."—Brooklyn Life.

Niece—"And what is your business out west, Uncle Jack? What do you deal in?" Uncle Jack (east on a visit)—"Why, I deal in Arizona Peter's faro parlors, gal."—Judge.

Nervous Old Lady (to deckhand on steamboat)—"Mr. Steamboatman, is there any fear of danger?" Deckhand (carelessly)—"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger."—Harlem Life.

Hicks—"Dumleight is not what you would call a brilliant conversationalist." Wicks—"No; but then, there is one thing in his favor. He is never troubled by having people plagiarize his good things."—Boston Transcript.

Crawling Out of It.—"George, was all that talk you got off in your sleep last night strictly diplomatic?" "I—I suppose so. What did I say?" "Oh, a lot of gibberish. All I remember is that you seemed to place a great deal of stress on a queen full." "Eh? Oh, yes; that was in reference to some idle rumor from Madrid."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OIL FROM THE SEA.

One Place Where It Is Pumped from the Ocean on the California Coast.

The early settlers in California were familiar with indications of the existence of oil which were seen at various points along the coast, while asphaltum, which oozed up from beds at the bottom of the sea, formed an important factor in the household economy of the aborigines, and in almost every barial place on the coast asphaltum is found. The natives on the islands obtained their supply from the water, and at the present day the rocks at various places can be seen splashed with asphaltum which has drifted in. This is particularly noticeable after an east wind, showing that there is a large area in the deep Santa Catalina channel from which asphaltum oozes up.

Oil wells were sunk at Santa Paula some years ago, and, later, an oil-producing belt was discovered at Puenta, and again at Summerland, below Santa Barbara, where a singular state of affairs exists.

It soon became apparent at the latter locality that the oil-bearing stratum stretched out into the sea, and drill scaffolding, looking like windmills without sails, began in a short time to extend down the little canyon and to creep up the shore in the direction of Santa Barbara. At first they kept along the sides of the hills which breast the sea there; but gradually they turned seaward until one more adventurous than the rest rose from the water.

Work was started at an extremely low tide, and finally the tall scaffolding appeared 20 or 30 feet from the shore, rising from the sea. At present there are three borings, which even at low tide are in the water, but at flood tide are completely surrounded, the men working on platforms of various heights, which they successively ascend as the sea rises.

The drills are worked in the water from an engine on the beach, the fuel being the oil pumped up. This is probably the only place where oil is pumped out of the sea, but undoubtedly the entire coast overlies an oil-producing stratum.

Off what is known as Moers wharf, half a mile out, oil rises to the surface in several places. A spring of fresh water also rushes up there with such velocity that it can be taken up and used if the slightly brackish taste is not objected to. A similar spring is known to exist on the Florida coast.—Scientific American.

The Veteran Reads the War News.

"I don't know who is the more stirred by all this talk of war and war preparation, the movement of troops and vessels, and so on," said a civil war veteran, "the younger men who have grown up since the days of '61, to whom it is all new, or the men who fought in the civil war, and so know what war is; but I rather think the veterans are. The veteran knows that first thrill, too. It came to him in '61, and every drumbeat now stirs a thousand recollections. There isn't a word of the news, no matter what it's about, that doesn't move him. Fascinating as it all is to those to whom it is new, it strikes him with even greater force. Everybody reads the war news, but it has, I fancy, the most absorbing interest for the men who have already fought."—N. Y. Sun.

In War Times.

Drummer—Is your business affected by the war talk?

Shaving Soap Manufacturer—No. We are doing a larger business than ever.

"Well, come to think of it, there's a reason for that."

"What is it?"

"Why, most men wear longer faces these days."—Brooklyn Life.

Why He Didn't See London.

"And is London a handsome city, Dawson?"

"Don't know. Didn't see it."

"Didn't see it? Why, man, you were there ten days. Sick?"

"Nope. Fog."—Harper's Bazar.

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DIVIDING THE BURDEN.

People of Cities and Towns Should Bear Their Share of the Cost of Improving Roads.

In the states in which a system of state-aid has been inaugurated the urban resident bears his share of the expense of improving and maintaining the highways, instead of leaving them, as heretofore, to be cared for by the rural population. Under the old theory that the maintenance and care of the roads should depend wholly on the districts through which they passed, great injustice was done many persons whose interest in the roads was less than that of others who bore no expense. To remove this injustice and provide an equitable system is the purpose of the state-aid.

Speaking on this subject recently, Gen. Stone said that the farmers of



A MODEL HIGHWAY.

(From a Photograph by the Chairman of the Pennsylvania Highway Committee.)

Maine own one-fifth of the property of the state, and that one-fifth of the property has paid the entire expense of building and maintaining the roads of the state, which are just as necessary to the people who live in towns, and the people of other occupations than farming, as they are to the farmer. Concerning New York, he said that there the farmers own only one-fourteenth of the property of the state, and that every farmer has been making roads for 13 other men to travel on, and he is getting tired of doing it. He is now about to stop it, and he finds the people of the cities and large towns, the manufacturing people and the commercial people, ready to bear their share of the expense of improving the country roads. The only drawback is that the farmers themselves have been afraid to let any change be made in the road laws of the country, for they imagined that the people of the cities design to impose heavier burdens on them, instead of being ready to help them carry existing ones.

By degrees all classes of the people will begin to better understand each other on the subject and will get closer together. It was not strange, at first, that country people should be suspicious of city people who took the trouble to tell them how much they would be benefited by better roads—it was natural for them to think that such philanthropy was not wholly disinterested. But as it becomes daily more evident that all classes, trades and occupations will reap the advantages resulting from improving the highways, that the ultimate burden will not be increased and that all are ready to share it, the movement will acquire an impetus that will insure its future success.—Good Roads.

The Color Question Again.

Butter should be colored to suit the person for whom it is intended. The general market demands that butter should have a color, the year round, about like that of grass butter in June. Doubtless any of the standard butter colors are good. The coloring matter should be put in the cream after it is all ready for the churn. When the butter will be nearly white if not colored as is often the case in winter, about a teaspoonful of color is usually needed for eight pounds of butter. In summer, in times of drought and in the fall, when cows are partly on dry feed, some coloring may be needed, but very little. One will soon learn by experience how much to use. It is well to be cautious, as it is better to have too little color than too much.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Avoid Raising Plug Horses.

Never in the history of horse raising was there a wider difference between plugs and good horses. Farmers must give as much thought to the selection of both dam and sire as they do in the breeding of cattle and other live stock. A coach horse that will bring \$300 as easily raised as a plug that will bring but \$45. Such a horse is useful on the farm until the time when he is ready for the market, and can be used both to the plow and on the wagon. In case he lacks the style or action necessary to bring a fancy price, he is still a general purpose horse and will bring a price that will be profitable to the raiser.—A. B. Clark, St. Louis Dealer.

About the Same Thing.

The farmer who sticks to bad roads because good ones cost a little money, might as well cut his wheat with a cradle because a reaper would cost something.—Good Roads.

Here's Enterprise for You.

A Pennsylvanian has offered to subscribe \$1,000 toward a macadam road proposed to be built near his home.

FEEDING THE CALVES.

Unless They Make a Good Growth During the First Summer They Will Not Amount to Much.

The entire future of the animal usually depends on its first summer. This is true of all farm stock and especially so of the calves. Unless they can be made to make a good growth the first summer they will never make as good animals as they might and should, for every man should try to do the best he possibly can with his stock and crops.

The new-born calf should be allowed to get his first feed from his dam's udder, as the accumulated milk in that organ is in just the proper condition for the first few days. After about three days the milk assumes its natural condition as it becomes fit for use, when the calf should be removed from its dam, and after that it usually has only skim milk for its sole diet until it learns to eat grass. The calf that has plenty of skim milk gets along pretty well, but as a rule there are other uses for this on the farm, and it is more profitable to feed the milk to something else and furnish the calf with a substitute.

Fortunately it is possible to furnish a substitute for skim milk on which the calf will thrive wonderfully with but little milk added to his ration. Have some oats ground into a fine meal and feed the calf oatmeal gruel. This will make him grow wonderfully, and he will soon learn to like it better than any other kind of feed. The oatmeal should be sifted to free it from hulls and two tablespoonfuls will be about the proper amount to begin with. Cook this thoroughly in two quarts of water and then mix the gruel with skim milk, which will bring the heat down to the proper point for feeding.

Gradually add a little more oatmeal and reduce the quantity of milk, and soon the milk may be dispensed with altogether. Always give calves an opportunity to get grass to eat and they will soon learn to pick it. Oat meal is sometimes recommended for calves, but it is no improvement over the oatmeal gruel.—Farmers' Voice.

THE PASTURE SPRING.

How to Have a Supply of Pure Water for the Stock on Hand All Through the Season.

The average pasture spring is apt to be a mud hole because not protected from the cattle's feet. Where a spring is to furnish the sole supply of water for a pasture year after year, it is worth while to make the most of it. If there is an old iron kettle with a break in the bottom, it can be utilized after the



KEEPING THE WATER CLEAN.

fashion shown in the cut, provided the source of the spring is a little higher than the point where it issues from the ground. With rough stones and cement build a water-tight wall about the spring, setting the rocks well down into the ground. Set the kettle with the opening in the bottom so that the water will rise to its top. A pure supply will thus always be at hand for the stock and a permanent improvement made to the pasture.—Orange Judd Farmer.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Keep the weeds down in the early garden.

The quality of fruit is much improved by severe trimming.

Give a thorough preparation before and cultivation after planting.

In the garden and small fruit plot, use a line to make the rows straight.

Remember that one acre well tended is worth half a dozen neglected.

Long, straight rows in the garden are easily cultivated and kept free from weeds.

Give currants plenty of room and good cultivation. Use white hellebore to keep off the worms.

There is danger of injury to plants by allowing a heavy mulch to remain on too late in the spring.

Propagation by root cuttings is practicable and easy with plums, cherries and all stone fruits.

By keeping the soil firm and mellow you make the plant food available so it can be used by the plants.

It is not too late yet to remove all small, imperfect canes and dead branches from fruit plants.

Maturing fruit tends to exhaust a tree; hence the necessity of feeding bearing trees by fertilizing the ground.

Dwarf pear trees are much inclined to over-bear, and over-bearing is a prolific cause of poor fruit.—St. Louis Republic.

Is a Good Roads Woman.

Miss Rella C. Harber, of Trenton, Mo., state organizer for the Good Roads and Public Improvement association, has had such great success with her work that the association is more than pleased with her. Miss Harber is a remarkable woman. President Cleveland appointed Miss Harber's father, the late Judge T. B. Harber, postmaster of Trenton. Miss Harber was commissioned deputy, and succeeded to the postmaster's position when the judge died in 1896. Miss Harber resigned in 1897 and went to St. Louis, where she was employed in the good roads office. Since then she has been promoted to her present position, and has organized 15 societies, all of which are steadily increasing in membership.

STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Men Who Have Voluntarily Confessed to Crimes Which They Never Committed.

That a man on the rack with every nerve quivering, with every nerve drawn to its utmost tension, with the pain increasing in intensity and violence, should confess himself the perpetrator of crime is natural enough. The prospect of relief from actual pain is a temptation that blinds the sufferer to the future. But it may seem strange, and is indeed one of the most inexplicable things in human history, that men have been induced by religious exhortations and other means of persuasion to sign their own death warrant by confessing crimes actually never committed. Such in England was the case of John Perry, executed near Camden in 1661, with his mother and brother, for murdering William Harrison, steward for Lady Campden. The testimony against them was chiefly the confession of John Perry himself, but to the astonishment of all, Harrison, who had been kidnapped and carried off, returned two years after the execution.

In 1812 a man named Colvin, living at Manchester, Vt., disappeared, and suspicions of foul play were entertained. Public opinion attributed his murder to Stephen and Jesse Boorn. Still, as there was no definite ground on which to arrest them, the excitement gradually died away. In 1819, however, a Mr. Boorn dreamed that he had been murdered by two men, whom he fixed upon as his nephews, Stephen and Jesse. The ghost of the murderer even specified the place of the murder and the old cellar hole, where the mangled body had been thrust. There a knife and buttons were found, which were identified as belonging to Colvin. On this the men were arrested. Stephen and Colvin had quarreled just before the disappearance of the latter, and Stephen had been seen to strike him with a club and knock him down.

In a short time Jesse confessed that he and Stephen, with their father, after Stephen knocked him down, had carried him to the old cellar and cut his throat with a jack-knife, and further stated that next year they made way with most of the bones of their victim. Stephen, after a time, admitted the truth of Jesse's confession. On this they were convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 28th of January, 1820. They applied for commutation of sentence, and as some believed their innocence, advertisements were inserted in various papers for Colvin. Not long afterward a letter appeared in the New York Evening Post, signed by a Mr. Chadwick, and dated Shrewsbury, N. J., December 16, 1819, stating that a slightly deranged man named Russell Colvin had been there five years before. This was generally looked upon as a hoax, but James Whelpley, of New York, who knew Colvin, decided to follow up the clue, and actually found Colvin at the house of William Polhemus, at Dover, N. J., where he had been since April 1813.

Mr. Whelpley took him to New York, the common council gave him means to proceed to Vermont, and he arrived at Manchester on the 22d day of December.

The whole place was in a state of excitement. People gathered in from all the surrounding country to see the dead alive. A cannon was brought out and Colvin was saluted with a discharge of cannon and small arms. Stephen Boorn firing the first piece. There was much discussion as to the motive for the confession, some contributing it to the effect of imprisonment, a general sort of panic, terror, and others to the injudicious advice and exhortations of a clergyman.—Wonderful Events.

Rhubarb Jam.

To six quarts of rhubarb add six pounds of granulated sugar and six large lemons; cut the rhubarb into small pieces about the size of a walnut, then the lemons should be sliced and the peel cut very fine; put the fruit (removing the seeds from the lemon) all into a large bowl, then cover with sugar; let it stand 24 hours, after which boil slowly for about two hours, taking care it does not stick to the kettle; be careful not to stir so as to break the rhubarb, as it is much nicer preserved in this way and is very delicious.—Ladies' World.

THE MARKETS.

| CINCINNATI, May 30. | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common | 3 00 @ 4 00 |
| Select butchers | 4 25 @ 4 60 |
| CALVES—Pair to good light | 6 50 @ 7 25 |
| HOES—Common | 3 25 @ 3 85 |
| Mixed packers | 3 90 @ 4 05 |
| Light shippers | 3 40 @ 3 90 |
| SHEEP—Choice | 3 35 @ 3 75 |
| LAMB—No. 2 mixed | 6 00 @ 6 15 |
| FLOUR—Winter family | 4 90 @ 5 15 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red | 1 10 @ 1 15 |
| No. 3 red | 1 00 @ 1 10 |
| Corn—No. 2 mixed | 60 @ 65 |
| Oats—No. 2 | 30 @ 35 |
| Rye—No. 2 | 45 @ 50 |
| HAY—Prime to choice | 10 50 @ 11 75 |
| PROVISIONS—Mess pork | 11 75 @ 12 25 |
| Lard—Prime steam | 9 95 @ 10 00 |
| BUTTER—Choice dairy | 9 95 @ 10 00 |
| Prime to choice creamery | 17 50 @ 17 75 |
| APPLES—Per bbl. | 3 50 @ 4 00 |
| POTATOES—Per bbl. | 80 @ 85 |
| CHICAGO. | |
| FLOUR—Winter patent | 5 30 @ 5 50 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red | 1 07 @ 1 10 |
| No. 3 Chicago spring | 1 10 @ 1 30 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 32 @ 32 1/2 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 20 @ 20 1/2 |
| POK—Mess | 11 45 @ 11 50 |
| LARD—Steam | 6 10 @ 6 12 1/2 |
| NEW YORK. | |
| FLOUR—Winter patent | 6 50 @ 6 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 1 30 @ 1 32 1/2 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | 60 @ 65 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 30 @ 35 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 45 @ 50 |
| HAY—Prime to choice | 10 50 @ 11 75 |
| PROVISIONS—Mess pork | 11 75 @ 12 25 |
| Lard—Prime steam | 9 95 @ 10 00 |
| BUTTER—Choice dairy | 9 95 @ 10 00 |
| Prime to choice creamery | 17 50 @ 17 75 |
| APPLES—Per bbl. | 3 50 @ 4 00 |
| POTATOES—Per bbl. | 80 @ 85 |
| BALTIMORE. | |
| FLOUR—Winter patent | 5 85 @ 6 35 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 | 1 24 1/2 @ 1 24 3/4 |
| Southern—Wheat | 1 30 @ 1 32 1/2 |
| Corn—Mixed | 30 @ 35 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 30 @ 35 |
| Rye—No. 2 western | 30 @ 35 |
| CATTLE—First quality | 4 30 @ 4 70 |
| BOGS—Western | 4 30 @ 4 70 |
| INDIANAPOLIS. | |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 | 1 15 @ 1 15 1/2 |
| Corn—No. 2 mixed | 60 @ 65 |
| Oats—No. 2 mixed | 30 @ 35 |
| LOUISVILLE. | |
| FLOUR—Winter patent | 5 75 @ 6 40 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 | 1 10 @ 1 15 |
| Corn—Mixed | 30 @ 35 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 30 @ 35 |
| POK—Mess | 11 45 @ 11 50 |
| LARD—Steam | 6 10 @ 6 12 1/2 |

UNFORTUNATE COLORS.

Jaundiced Man with Red Necktie Is Taken for a Spaniard and Has a Narrow Escape.

The man with the yellow jaundice leaned up against the drug store at the corner of Harrison and Halsted street and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He was badly out of breath and he consequently talked rather noisily to his friend.

"I tell you, I've had a mighty narrow escape," he gasped.

"Why, how's that?" asked his companion.

"They purty near mobbed me just now down here on Blue Island avenue."

"Mobbed you? Why, what in the deuce are you talkin' about?"

"That's right. That's what they purty near did. They just liked to get my pelt. I tell you—an I hadn't done a thing, either."

"What did they have agin you?"

"You see that red necktie I got on? Well, that was the cause of the whole trouble. I was goin' along down Blue Island when I came to a gang out in front of a saloon talkin' war. I stopped to hear what the latest was. I wasn't doin' a thing when some cove sings out: 'Look at this Spaniard right here in the crowd.' Everybody turns on me an' a brick just grazes my ear. I say: 'I ain't no Spaniard; what you talkin' about?'"

"You let him; he's got the Spanish flag on 'im right now," yells another. But I didn't catch on yet. 'That's right,' shouts another man, 'the yaller's on his face and the red's in his necktie—lynch him.' The whole crowd made for me and I cut for the corner. I give 'em the dodge two or three times and get away. But say, I've got to wear a different colored necktie till I git over these yaller janders."—Chicago Chronicle.

In a Havana Restaurant.

Hungry Man—I asked you for a ham sandwich, didn't I?

Waiter—Yes, senor.

"Well, this isn't pork."

"But nules have hams as well as pigs, senor."—Cleveland Leader.

An Important Point.

Wheeler—Ah, that was a glorious victory of Dewey's.

Sprockets—It would seem so, but I shall reserve my opinion of it until I find out what make of wheel he rides.—Chicago Evening News.

Still Trying.

May—They say that Clara considers marriage a failure.

Bell—Oh, no! she doesn't; but she has her doubts about engagements.—Puck.

HOW RELIEF CAME.

From Cole County Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.

When I gripped visited this section, about seven years ago, Herman H. Evelyer, of 811 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., was one of the victims, and has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. He is a well-known contractor and builder, a business requiring much mental and physical work. A year ago his health began to fail, and he was obliged to discontinue work. I that he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely."

"I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope."

Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased ambition.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and anyone that is afflicted with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and general debility, will find that these pills are the specific." HERMAN HEVLYER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 24th day of May, 1897.

ADAM POLITSZONG, Notary Public.

Mr. Evelyer will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this statement is enclosed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure people troubled with the after-effects of the gripe, because they act directly on the impure blood.

They are also a specific for chronic erysipelas, catarrh, rheumatism and all diseases due to impure or impoverished blood.

Time and court plaster heal all wounds.—Chicago Daily News.

Our American Policy.

The policy of this country regarding foreign complications seems likely to remain conservative. The Monroe doctrine, according to the declaration of our leading politicians, will be sustained, but patience and prudence in official quarters will restrain the exuberance of public opinion. The wisest and most prudent course for the rheumatic and the malarious is to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures kidney complaint and dyspepsia.

Better.

He—Wealth will not buy happiness.

She—No, but it will purchase a coronet.—Up to Date.

Differentiated.—"What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" "An optimist believes in masochism and a pessimist in hoodoo."—Indianapolis Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traas, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kimball & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The gift of silence is often more valuable than the gift of speech.—Ram's Horn.

A GREAT REMEDY.

Greatly Tested.

Greatly Recommended.

The loss of the hair is one of the most serious losses a woman can undergo. Beautiful hair gives many a woman a claim to beauty which would be utterly wanting if the locks were short and scanty. It is almost as serious a loss when the natural hue of the hair begins to fade, and the shining tresses of chestnut and auburn are changed to gray or to a faded shadow of their former brightness. Such a loss is no longer a necessity. There is one remedy which may well be called a great remedy by reason of its great success in stopping the falling of the hair, cleansing the scalp of dandruff, and restoring the lost color to gray or faded tresses. Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a standard and reliable preparation, in use in thousands of homes, and recommended by everyone who has tested it and experienced the remarkable results that follow its use. It makes hair grow. It restores the original color to hair that has turned gray or faded out. It stops hair from falling, cleanses the scalp of dandruff, and gives the hair a thickness and gloss that no other preparation can produce.

Mrs. Herzmann, of 356 East 68th St., New York City, writes:

"A little more than a year ago, my hair began turning gray and falling out, and although I tried over so many things to prevent a continuance of these conditions, I obtained no satisfaction until I tried Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor. After using one bottle my hair was restored to its natural color, and ceased falling out."—MRS. HERZMANN, 356 East 68th St., New York City.

"I have sold Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor for fifteen years, and I do not know of a case where it did not give entire satisfaction. I have been, and am now using it myself for dandruff and gray hair, and am thoroughly convinced that it is the best on the market. Nothing that I ever tried can touch it. It affords me great pleasure to recommend it to the public."—FRANK M. GROVE, FAIRBANKS, ALA.

There's more on this subject in Dr. Ayer's Circular. A story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PAINT YOUR WALLS & CEILINGS.
OWN WALLS & CEILINGS.
CALCIMO FRESCO TINTS
FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS. Purchase a package of Calcimo paint dealer and do your own wall painting. This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and milled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of glue and whiting that can possibly be made by hand. To be mixed with Cold Water.
SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.
THE MURALO COMPANY, NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

WHEN HAMLET EXCLAIMED "AYE, THERE'S THE RUB!" COULD HE HAVE REFERRED TO
SAPOLIO

"BIG FOUR ROUTE"
THE GREAT THROUGH CAR LINE TO
CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, & BOSTON
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NOT NARCOTIC.
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Pumpkin Seed, Almonds, Rochelle Salt, Anise Seed, Apperment, Dr. Carbonate Soda, Honey, Clarified Sugar, Waterbury's Flavor.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
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OLD SORES CURED
Allen's Ulcerine Salve is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, White Swelling, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all poison. Saves expense and suffering. Cures venereal. Best salve for Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Salt Rheum, Burns, Cuts, and all Fresh Wounds. By mail, small, 5c; large, 10c. Book free. J. A. ALLEN, MEDICINE CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

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Best in the world. Approved by English Royal Society. Preventing cruelty to animals. Circular free. H. C. RICE, Farmington, Ct.

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The Overland Monthly, San Francisco, offers free scholarships at the Stanford University or the University of California, including four years' course, board, lodging, & railway fare. Stamp for particulars.

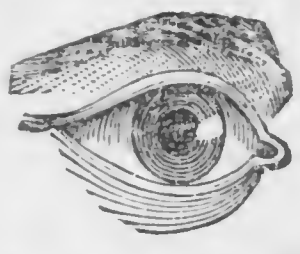
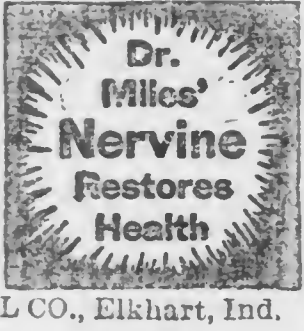
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HAGGARD & REED's new laundry is doing first-class work. Give us a call.
(11) HAGGARD & REED.

Chronic Dyspepsia Cured.



AFTER suffering for nearly thirty years from dyspepsia, Mrs. H. E. Dugdale, wife of a prominent business man of Warsaw, N. Y., writes: "For 23 years, I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and a weak stomach. The lightest food produced distress, causing severe pain and the formation of gas. No matter how careful of my diet I suffered agonizing pain after eating. I was treated by many physicians and tried numerous remedies without permanent help. Two years ago I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and Nervine. Within a week I commenced improving, and persisting in the treatment I was soon able to eat what I liked, with no evil effects. I keep them at hand and a single dose dispels any old symptoms."



OPTICIAN

L. H. Landman, M. D.,
Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati,
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Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris,
Ky.,
TUESDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1898
returning every second Tuesday in each
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REFERENCE:—Every leading physician
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New Training Stables

I have secured Doug Thomas' Training Stables in the suburbs of Paris, Ky., lately occupied by John T. H. H. H. A splendid track is attached to these stables which have every modern convenience.
I will be glad to greet all my old friends and patrons at my new quarters.
W. G. SWEARENGEN
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Hogs Wanted.

250 hogs, weighing from 50 to 175 pounds. Address,
C. V. HIGGINS,
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PARIS, KY.
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TO THE FARMERS OF BOURBON COUNTY.

As agent of The Page Woven Wire Fence Co., I am prepared to put up the best wire fence on the market. It is guaranteed to turn all kinds of stock and to give satisfaction.
I have put up fence this season for farmers who have had the Page Fence in use for seven or eight years.
I am also prepared to put up the best Chicken Fence on the market.
If you are needing any fence give me a call.

O. W. MILLER, Agent,
PARIS, KY.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE Best in the World.

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distinguished all competitors. W. L. Douglas has \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00 shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible at these prices. Also \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes for men, \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys and youths.
W. L. Douglas shoes are endorsed by over 100,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at the price.
They are made in all the latest shapes and styles, and of every variety of leather.
If dealer cannot supply you, write for catalogue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by
J. P. KIELY.

The Clever Burglar.
The burglar who does several "jobs" and eludes the officers of the law is a keen observer, a man of forethought, and one whose executive ability is unquestioned. Houses are not entered because they have brownstone fronts, nor are stores broken into by the professional thief without an investigation. When the skillful burglar is to do a "job," he studies the habits of the resident or proprietor. In a case in Troy a few years ago a jewelry store was robbed. Apparently there was not a clew. Detectives were placed on the case and named the thieves by the method employed in getting into the store, and subsequently the thieves were convicted. Certain burglars always enter a cellar and come up through stairs, floor or trapdoors. Others have skeleton keys. Others go above and come down stairs. Some break in rear and others front doors. In the robbery above referred to the two thieves had been in Troy three successive Saturday nights. They had fastened a silk thread on all entrances in such a way that if any one entered or left the store the thread would be broken. Thus the burglars learned that the proprietor and clerks did not visit the store after closing Saturday night until Sunday. The fourth Saturday night they "cracked" the safe. Except for their methodical way of entering (by the cellar) no suspicion would have attached itself to them.—Troy Times.

A Disgusted Hero.
The story of Sergeant Walker, who was kept prisoner for six weeks by the Afriids and was court-martialed for being "absent without leave," reminds me of an Indian tale of 1757, when a man-o'-war's man, Strahan by name, captured almost single-handed one of the forts on the Hoogly. The fort, which was strongly situated, was invested by the admiral, and Strahan, during the time of midday repose, wandered off "on his own" in its direction. Gaining the walls without discovery, he took it into his head to scale a breach made by the cannon of the ships, and on reaching the platform he flourished his cutlass and fired his pistol at "the niggers," shouting, "The place is mine!"
The native soldiers attacked him, and he held his own with indomitable pluck till reinforced by one or two other tars who had straggled out of camp and heard his buzzes. The enemy, unprepared from this ill-timed attack and fearing further invaders, fled from the fort upon the opposite side, leaving 20 cannon and a large store of ammunition. Much to Strahan's surprise, he was lectured by the admiral for his breach of discipline, and he was dismissed with hints of future punishment. "Well," said Strahan, "if I'm flogged for this here action, I'm d—d if I ever takes another fort as long as I lives!"—London Sketch.

Horsepower.
Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, introduced into the vocabulary of machinists the term horsepower. When he first began the manufacture of steam engines, he experienced much difficulty in ascertaining from his distant customers what sized engine they required, and they were not less puzzled how to communicate to him the information. He was frequently guided, however, by their mentioning the number of horses which the engine ordered was designed to replace. Acting upon this hint, he ascertained by experiment that the very strongest of the London brewers' horses (animals of wonderful size and strength) could exert a force equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute. This force he called one horsepower, and adopted it as the standard in regulating the size of steam engines. Now, not one horse in 100 is able to exert that degree of strength. A steam engine of ten horsepower can, in reality, do the work of about 20 horses.—New York Ledger.

Legend of the Tea Plant.
Dharma, the ascetic priest, was the son of a king of India. He went into China, and for the space of nine years he remained in contemplation in a temple. Later he went to Japan, and he died on Mount Katavka. He imposed upon himself, as the first rule of his life, privation from sleep. One day, indignant at falling asleep, he cut off his eyelids and threw them away as miserable sinners. From the spot where the eyelids had fallen sprang up a bush which is the tea plant, affording the perfumed beverage which chases away sleep.—Vick's Magazine.

An English Dozen.
I was in a well known lampshop with a friend the other day. He was seeking some of those stubby candles of generous diameter which are used as night lights in sickrooms. The price was 50 cents a box. "A dozen in a box?" he asked. "No, 11." "But why not a dozen?" "Box isn't big enough," said the shopkeeper. "But why don't they make the box big enough?" asked my friend. "Because they're English." That was all.—Time and the Hour.

A Detective Agency.
Sweet Girl—Pa, the house next door was robbed last night.
Pa—Mercy! Next door!
Sweet Girl—Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this terrace within a week.
Pa—I know it. I know it. It's terrible. But what can we do?
Sweet Girl—I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicefellow and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them.—Pearson's Weekly.

Many of the convicts in French prisons are paid for their labor and earn about 1s. 5d. a day. Half of this they are allowed to spend for extra food, postage, etc., and the rest is saved, to be given to them on their discharge.
Every day 200,000 cigars are smoked in London.

An Arizona Rattler.
They say that a man takes his life in his hand who sleeps on the ground in Arizona," said a young civil engineer the other day, "because there are so many snakes there. But unfortunately men of our profession cannot always choose their sleeping place. I was working down there a little while ago with another fellow, and one night we were obliged to lie down upon no better bed than our overcoats stretched on the ground. We were too tired to be nervous and slept soundly till after midnight, when my companion sprang up suddenly, waking me with a start.
"What's the matter?" I asked sleepily.
"There's a rattler here."
I listened and heard nothing.
"I don't hear him," I said. "Guess you've had a nightmare." So we settled down again. In a few minutes my friend leaped to his feet once more, exclaiming:
"There's a rattler here, sure's fate, and you'd better get up. I believe he's under my coat."
It was queer that I couldn't hear it if it was so near. I cautiously extended my hand, feeling along the ground. Yes, I know it was a foolish thing to do, but we don't always stop to think. Suddenly I burst out laughing.
"Yes," I said, "there is a rattler here, in your pocket too. You tell your sweetheart not to write you letters on such stiff paper."
We slept soundly for the rest of the night, but often since then I have gazed him about his "rattler."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Pat and the Rattler.
"Pat, where did you get the whiskey?" asked one section hand of another.
"Whist!" said Pat. "O! swooped it from the private car dat was here."
"Pat, the brass collars are going to miss it by and by. You better hide it," said the first speaker.
"Let's take this hand car and run down the track a ways and bury it," said Pat.
The two got a hand car and told the foreman they were going down the track to get some potatoes for dinner. Away they went down the track about a mile.
"This is a good place," said Pat.
The two got off the car and buried the bottle near the track.
"How will we know where we buried it?" said Pat.
"Cut a notch in the side of the car," said his companion. So a notch was cut in the side of the car above where the bottle was buried and the two carriers returned to their work. That evening they decided to go and dig up the bottle. Away they went.
"Where is the place?" asked Pat.
"I cut a notch in the car to show," said the other.
"And begorra I forgot all about it and moved the car," said Pat.—Topeka State Journal.

One of Muller's Anecdotes.
Froude and Kingsley were special favorites of Professor Max Muller, according to his recently published memoirs. Kingsley's refusal to pray for rain—or, as his friend expresses it, to degrade his sacred office to that of a rainmaker or a medicine man—reminds the professor of a story told to Kingsley by an American:
In America we manage these things better. A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two of our states prayed for rain. The rain came, and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring state caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep farmers. They never prayed for rain after that.—London News.

One of His "Whist Days."
Andrew Lang once called at the house of the late James Payn to inquire about his health. The servant informed him in a broad accent that it was one of the novelist's "whist days." Mr. Lang imagined that the servant referred to Mr. Payn being worse and expressed his regret and walked away. But the woman meant to say that it was the day on which Mr. Payn was wont to receive three old friends, who made a four at whist. Both gentlemen were amused at the mistake which deprived each of the pleasure of meeting. At the Reform club in years gone by there was a certain group of well known whist players, among whom James Payn was certain to be found enjoying "the rigor of the game."

Case of Necessity.
Dinguss—Old man, you've accommodated me a great many times, and I wouldn't strike you now if it wasn't a matter of absolute need. I am suffering for the lack of \$10.
Shadbolt (reluctantly handing it over)—What's the trouble, Dinguss?
Dinguss—My wife has got her heart set on a wheel, and I need the \$10 to make the first payment on it. Thanks, old fellow.—Chicago Tribune.

Contrary to All Precedent.
Railroad President—What does this mean, sir? You have one of the suburban trains leaving a station at 8 o'clock.
Superintendent—I thought that was right.
President—Right? Whoever heard of such a thing, sir? You must be crazy. The idea of any suburban train anywhere leaving a station exactly on the hour! Make it 7:59 or 8:01.—New York Weekly.

How She Viewed It.
Perhaps she was jealous, perhaps she wasn't; anyway, she had just heard of the engagement, and she could not help noticing the engaged girl's pride in her captured youth.
"Really," she said, and her lips curled scornfully, "there's no accounting for tastes, is there? Some people think they have won the game when they get the booty prize."—Chicago Post.

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Of Murry, Ind., recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Murry, Ind., Sept 17, 1896.
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Yours Respectfully,
Mrs. LAURA WEISHAUF.
Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

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Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.
WHAT TO DO.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and sending pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of "Swamp-Root" is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail, upon receipt of three two-cent stamps to cover cost of postage on the bottle. Mention The Paris (Ky.) News and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.
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Very truly yours,
W. S. ANDERSON.
Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

VACCINATION

It appearing to me, by the representation of Dr. Bowen, the Health Officer of Bourbon County, that there is a necessity that all persons in the County should be vaccinated, I hereby authorize and empower the physicians of their respective precincts to vaccinate all persons who are unable to procure vaccination.
The physicians shall furnish to me, as Judge of said County, a true list under oath of the persons so vaccinated by them, with the charges thereof, not to exceed 25 cents for each successful vaccination.

All cities and towns in the county having Councilmen or Trustees do not come under this notice, as it is especially their duty to make proper provisions regarding vaccinations under Section 4,611 of the Kentucky Statutes.
Every good citizen is interested in observing and assisting in the enforcement of this notice.
I hope no further steps will become necessary, I am,
Respectfully,
W. M. PURNELL,
Judge of Bourbon County, Kentucky.

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Remember this suggestive information—it will be both profitable and pleasurable for you to call at TWIN BROS. to examine the best and biggest Spring assortment of Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Slippers, etc., you have ever seen. Why not buy your goods at TWIN BROS., where you get the newest goods, the latest novelties, the best qualities, at the lowest prices? Our motto is "Honest Goods at Honest Prices." It has been our success to treat our customers honestly and courteously, and they are well satisfied. Why not let us have you as our customer?
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